

# JAKE KILRAIN'S FAREWELL RECEPTION.

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## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

VOLUME LII.—No. 372.  
Price Ten Cents.



OVERTAKEN BY A SQUALL.  
A YACHT CONTAINING PICNICERS CAPSIZES NEAR PENN'S GROVE, N. J., WITH TERRIBLE RESULTS.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

### THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IN ENGLAND.

Smith, Atslic & Co., Booksellers, &c., 25 Newcastle street, Strand, London, have been appointed agents for the sale of the POLICE GAZETTE in Great Britain. Newsdealers, booksellers, and others who desire to handle the POLICE GAZETTE and our illustrated books are requested to communicate with them at once.

RICHARD K. FOX.

#### KILRAIN, THE CHAMPION.

Jake Kilrain, the champion, had a very interesting interview in London with Mr. Richard K. Fox, who first brought out this noted pugilist, prior to the former's departure for this country. The meeting between these two well-known gentlemen was most cordial. Kilrain received his friend and admirer with a warmth that showed he was more than pleased to meet him, while Mr. Fox made no effort to conceal the pride he takes in the man who has won such honors as a pugilist, and whose conduct, notwithstanding his brilliant achievements, has been a credit to himself and friends. We publish the interview between the POLICE GAZETTE's proprietor and Kilrain in full in another portion of this issue. It should, and no doubt will, interest every reader of THE GAZETTE.

Kilrain is now on his way to the United States. Every effort is being made to give him a fitting welcome on his arrival here. The sporting fraternity should not be backward in this matter. No honor, however great or imposing, that may be paid America's champion can be thrown away upon the man who has won so many warm adherents and well wishers wherever he has been. We firmly believe that the future career of Jake will amply justify any demonstration made in his behalf. To win the title to the world's championship in spite of the desperate fight which many would-be champions will doubtless make from time to time to wrest that title from him.

Considerable interest has been awakened in the recent announcement made by John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion, who so ingloriously failed to knock out Charley Mitchell, the plucky English boxer, at Chantilly last March, to the effect that certain parties are prepared to back his recent challenge to Kilrain to the extent of \$5,000, or more if necessary. Whether John L. is bluffing again remains to be seen. It would not surprise anybody if he were, because it is well known that he has a weakness in this direction which he indulges in whenever he is in want of cheap notoriety. But whether the doughty Boston boy means business or not, Kilrain will be prepared to put up any amount of funds which may be required to consummate a match with him or any other pugilist who may feel like battling for the championship.

#### TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A TECHNICALITY IN THE SUNDAY LAW.

A number of saloon keepers in Baltimore, it is said, have adopted a new method of dodging the Sunday liquor law, whereby they are technically enabled to escape punishment for selling intoxicants in defiance of the law on the Sabbath. Unlicensed dealers, it seems, are not amenable to the statute. Hence the saloon keepers in question have refused to take out licenses, and now keep open on Sunday, as if no law against Sunday liquor traffic was in existence at all. Over a hundred saloonists, whose licenses had expired, a few Sundays ago transacted business through the front as well as the rear doors, this move having been decided upon at a meeting of the liquor dealers, who were assured by counsel that under the peculiar construction of the prohibitory statute, as now framed, they could not be prosecuted for doing business on Sunday, especially if they were unlicensed. The open saloons did a good business. Of course their respective proprietors expected to answer for violating the city ordinance requiring them to take out city licenses, but that is not much of an obstacle for the Baltimore saloonists to get over, judging from their open defiance of the local law on the occasion alluded to.

## MASKS AND FACES

### Jumps in Cotton--"Mathias Sandorf."

#### WORDS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

#### "A Legal Wreck"--Seaside and Pavement.

#### MARK MURPHY IN NEW ORLEANS.

"What's a big jump in cotton?" quizzingly asked the witty Krys, of the *Morning Journal*, the other night.

"Give it up."

"Why, a ballet dancer's hop in padded tights!"

Correct.

There was a big jump in cotton then at "Mathias Sandorf," the new spectacular show at Niblo's last week.

Cotton kept jumping up pretty lively. I tell you, and the proverbial

bald heads of the front row kept up a pretty steady reconnoitering of the field with their glasses.

The play of "Mathias Sandorf" is based on the novel of Jules Verne.

Mathias is a millionaire Magyar patriot, who devotes his life and fortune to the redemption of Hungary from the despotism of Austria. From his mansion at Trieste he communicates with his adherents by means of carrier pigeons. Thorndal, a rich banker, has dismissed Sarcani, his clerk, who has become a tramp. When nearly starved he sees a pigeon fall at his feet. Securing it he finds a paper bearing in cypher the message: "Hungary is ready and waits the signal." This message he copies for future use, and lets the bird go so as to learn its destination, which he finds to be Count Sandorf's mansion. Sarcani then informs his former employer, Thorndal, the banker, of his discovery, and they then plot to connect Sandorf with an existing attempt to overthrow Austrian rule, and thereby obtain as reward half of his enormous property. Sandorf is arrested and lodged in the almost inaccessible fortress of Pisano. During a fierce storm the prison is struck by lightning, which shatters one of the iron-framed loopholes in the walls and permits of Sandorf's escape. He proceeds to Ragusa, to Morocco, to one of the Canary Islands, and at last to the town of Malaga, being pursued by Sarcani, who finally overtakes him. A struggle between the two men follows and Sarcani is killed by Mathias, thus ending his persecutions.

Here is a plot with plenty of incident, but the people and artistic talent as Jules Verne might have thought of such interpreters of his work as J. M. Colville, W. S. Harkins, Robert Neil, Frederick De Vere, he would, I am sure, be only too glad to welcome to his yacht such talented danseuses as M'les Paris and Cappellini.

For Jules Verne is one of the few authors abroad who can afford to keep a yacht and entertain ladies on one.

He is a rich man. His novel "Eighty Days Around the World" alone netted him \$40,000.

Verne composes aboard his yacht just as William Black does.

In fair weather or foul he blocks out his work every morning from 10 to 12, or writes.

He spends at least three months of the year on his craft.

I need not add that the dances and tupsychorean effects of "Mathias Sandorf" are up to the standard of Bolosay Kiralfy.

Estelle Clayton is to try two new plays this season.

First we are to see her as *Barbara* in the sensational "Quick or the Dead," then she is to appear in "That Girl from Texas."

I saw her sit at a window behind a lot of flower pots, a big round hat on her head, reading "A Nymph of the West," by Howard Seely, and rubbing her little nose every now and then with evident satisfaction.

Miss Evans opens in a new play, "The Buckeye," at Asbury Park, toward the end of the month.

Actresses, by the way, seldom find time to read anything more substantial than novels.

I trust she will have better luck in the future than she has had in the past.

Lizzie Evans, the soubrette from California, was in town last week.

On trains, in hotels, at watering places, they snatch an idea or a story from the cheap booklet, but solid hard-back literature, they will have none of it.

Have you ever speculated on the point that there may be some correlation between soft-shell crabs and soft-shell novels?

The girls that like the former, I find, generally like the latter.

Billy Florence came all the way from Maine to be

#### WHAT 25 CENTS WILL BUY.

No Republican should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Harrison and Morton; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

present at the funeral of his friend, Larry Jerome, club man and good fellow.

The two men had loved each other as brothers. Jerome knew all the prominent actors and actresses of the day, and all about their histories.

The genial Florence, in complete black, seemed deeply moved at the funeral, but later on, when some of the gentlemen present spoke in a general way of the quiet end of the deceased, Florence related the story of the last illness of the comedian Mathews. "During his last illness, a friend by mistake gave him a dose of ink instead of medicine. 'Good heavens, Mathews,' he exclaimed, on finding out his error, 'I have given you ink.' 'Never--never mind, my boy--never mind,' said Mathews, faintly, 'I'll swallow a bit of blotting paper!'"

"There's a mystery about that girl, Dolly Dodo," remarked Mamie to Maggie down on the sands at Asbury the other day. "She lives in great style, though she has been out of an engagement for a year. She sports a victoria, she wears diamonds, and yet I never see a fellow. There is a mystery about her."

"I don't see much mystery about her just now, though," interrupted Maggie. "Her bathing suit is all the mystery there is about her just now, and that is neither very broad nor very dense."

Then Mamie and Maggie laughed, took a plunge into the briny and rejoiced they were more virtuous than Dolly.

One evening last week Mr. Sidney Drew put on a straw hat and a down-east accent, lit a cigarette, walked into "A Legal Wreck" by Mr. Gillette, caught the house at the Madison Square, and found himself famous.

Whatever interest there is in the four-act arrangement of Mr. Gillette is concentrated in Mr. Sidney Drew.

That youngest sprout of an old and distinguished theatrical family played the part of Merriam, a cool, calculating, practical, matter-of-fact young lawyer.

He played it in a delightful vein of unctuous humor, without effort and without exaggeration.

He was all there was to the piece.

He'll go far, will Sidney Drew, if he keeps a level head.

I hope he will.

The rest of the cast played in a conventional way.

Mr. Alfred Hudson was a conventional retired skipper. Mr. Sidney Smith was a conventional, superannuated second mate.

Mr. George Fawcett was a conventional villain, who, when called out, made a conventional society bow.

Mr. Boyd Putnam was a conventional lover in white flannels.

And the ladies were only a bit less conventional.

Miss Nina Bonicaunt ought to go to her father's dramatic school.

She needs a few electric shocks.

She is extremely commonplace.

There are twenty young women who could play the part of Miss Bonicaunt as a pleasing apparition, worthy of a better part.

As it was, she did very well and looked very well.

Rose Coghlan disported herself at Coney Island.

Annie Pixley resteth in the Highlands.

The comedians Wilson, Evans, Hooey, Wilder came over on the same steamer with James G. Blaine.

They had a good time on board.

Annie Alliston returned from London last week.

Her sister, Lillie, will come over with Lydia Thompson in a couple of months.

Gus Bruno, according to some accounts, made a hit in his new role, the dude beloved by twenty maidens.

Minnie Williams is to play a soubrette's role in the "Paper Doll" of Miss Kate Castleton.

Kate, by the by, still keeps asking the audience for goodness' sake not to tell she said so.

It's about time to change!

What is needed in the profession is a first-class funeral--of all the ten-year-old cases, songs, witticisms, yarns in the market.

Lilly Clay was the recipient of her usual plaudits at the London.

J. B. Studley captured the boys at Poole's.

Lisle Leigh is the new leading lady of Sol Smith Russell.

His new play is "A Poor Relation," by E. E. Kidder.

The new leading woman of Bob Mantell is Mabel Amber.

I wonder if her voice is as euphonious as her name.

There was certainly enough variety at Jacob's Thalia theatre last week.

The programme had everything in it, almost as much as that famous soup described by Thackeray.

Look at this and say whether Jacobs doesn't give your money's worth.

Bryant and Holmes, comedians; George H. Wood, eccentric; the familiar Martens, cat duettists; Belle and Roger Dolan, Irish wits; the Caldwell sisters, singers; Frazer and West, sketch pair; Pitrot, the mimic; John Le Clair, juggler; Keating and Flynn, song and dance men, and the three Judges, acrobats, made up a programme that was evenly good and a deal stronger than are most "house shows" of the kind. The attendance was large.

Before this an out-and-out variety bill had not been seen at the Old Bowery in nearly twenty years.

I saw Jessie Villars, the clever burlesquer lately connected with the "Crystal Slipper," on the street the other day. She was dressed in light blue and white, parasol and hat to match.

Miss Villars and her stage manager didn't get along out in Chicago, it appears, and she left.

Miss Villars is a young woman who won't have to look long for an engagement.

Livanda's, of London, writes me: "Piecing on the Thames is the favorite Sunday amusement of the 'Fair and Festive Fakes' during the summer months.

and if the river had a tongue in its mouth divorce lawyers would not complain of dull times."

I met Mark Murphy at the Battle of Gettysburg. Allow me to explain.

I don't mean to say that Murphy and I fought in the battle of Gettysburg in 1863.

No; we were humble visitors at the panoramas of the battle now owned and managed by J. M. Hill.

An invitation had been extended by the suavest of our metropolitan amusement purveyors, and in response to this invitation the comedian and the scribe, in company with a lot of newspaper men and war veterans, assembled at the panorama and ate, drank, listened to speeches and songs, and had a good time generally.

Mr. Murphy, dressed in a natty gray suit, was in a reminiscent mood. "Before we came to New Orleans during the exhibition," he said, "we were informed all the big hotels were full, so we telegraphed to the keeper of a boarding house, Mrs. Lee, to hold rooms for us. I telegraphed and signed 'Murphy.' When I came to the house I found a big sign over the door, 'Erin Go Brag.' Mrs. Lee, the hostess, was a big Irishwoman who weighed at least 250 pounds. As I skipped nimbly up the stairs, followed by Murray and the rest of the company, 'And shure,' says she, 'are you Mistor Murphy?'

'That's my name,' said I. Mrs. Lee drew back astonished, and eyed my diminutive proportions from head to foot. 'And shure yez look tinner on the street than yez do on the stage. When I saw Jos. Murphy shoeing horses he was a big man.' I had to explain that I was not Joseph but Mark, and then we went into the house. I saw that the old lady eyed us with suspicion, but she treated us well. She expected another Murphy and another company. Table board was very good. 'We Southerners don't do like ye Northerners,' said Mrs. Lee, 'we eats three meals regular.' At first we had doughnuts and an orange for dessert every night. Gradually, however, the orange remained, but the doughnuts were struck off. We kicked. Whenever the old lady came into the dining room we murmured in company: 'We wants our doughnuts. We wants our doughnuts.' But the old lady wouldn't come to terms. One night we sent her a box to the theatre and she came. Just in the midst of the performance, when Murray and I do a song and dance, we spied the old lady gotten up regardless. We eyed her roguishly and sang at her, and every now and then introduced the gag. 'We wants our doughnuts! We wants our doughnuts!' The old lady caught on and laughed heartily. You bet we got them after that."

Mr. Frank Sanger again contemplates with satisfaction the magnificent procession of knights in tights in the "Queen's Mate" at the palatial Broadway theatre.

The house is again open and well patronized.

Dunlap, of *Stage News*, gives me this bit of information: "Kate Castleton has a mania for 'dog collecting.' The lad is an entirely new one in theatrical circles, but the pretty soubrette is nothing if not original. In the kennel at her pretty Oakland, Cal., estate there is a collection which is pitched up in the top circles of canine aristocracy. A *pot pourri* of pugs, skyes, and every other pattern of doggie has received the stamp of aestheticism and fashion. One of the number, a handsome St. Bernard, which belongs to her husband, Harry Phillips, weighs over 400 pounds, and is valued at \$2,000."

Another lady who has left the "Crystal Slipper," Chicago, and can now be seen on Broadway, New York, is the tall and aristocratic Grace Filkins.

A newspaper cartoonist recently made a picture of the fair lady and did it badly.

This is how Miss Filkins cleverly commemorated the incident:

"'Tis pleasant to see one's face in print, Though the nose be awry and the eyes have a squint, My name is below, else I wouldn't know Whether's me or my neighbor they have maltraced so."

ROSEN.

THIS "COP" NEEDS CLUBBING.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Chief of Police John Lockwood, of Norwalk, Conn. distinguished himself recently, it is alleged, by a most unwarranted and brutal abuse of the authority vested in him as a guardian of the peace. A special from that town states that on Tuesday night he clubbed Patrick Cahill, then tied him by the heels to the rear of a wagon and dragged him to the lockup, half a mile away, with his head bumping on the paving stones. He put him in the lockup and then set a bulldog upon him. There has been almost a riot over the affair. Lockwood has been suspended from the police force.

BROADSWORD CHALLENGE TROPHY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On another page we present a fac simile cut of a solid silver boot, modeled after and of the same height as the boots worn by the "Knights of the Joust." Sir Duncan C. Ross and Sir James C. Daly, the champions of mounted sword contests. The trophy is on a par with the many other valuable emblems donated for tests of skill and daring by Richard K. Fox. Its custody has been awarded to Mr. Ross, and it is open for competition to all mounted swordsmen.

IT RAINED TOADS.

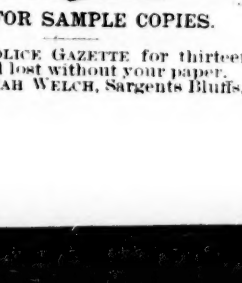
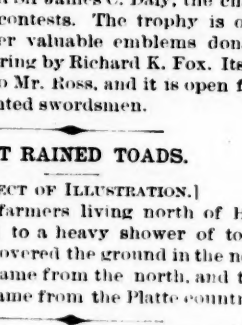
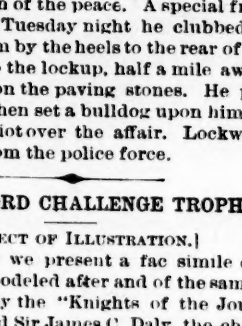
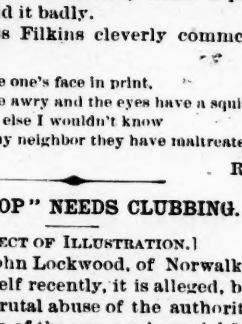
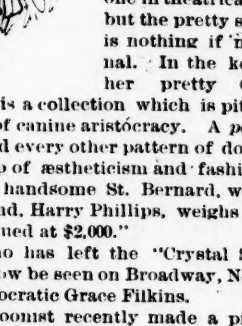
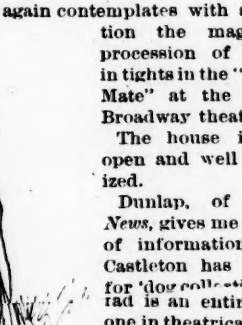
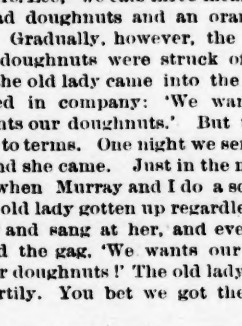
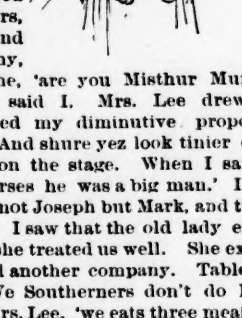
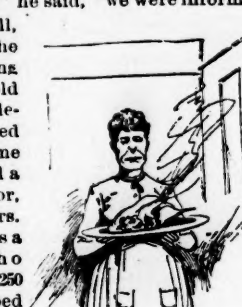
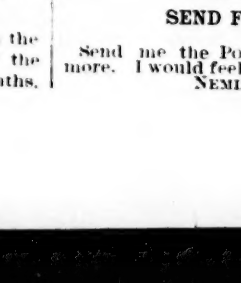
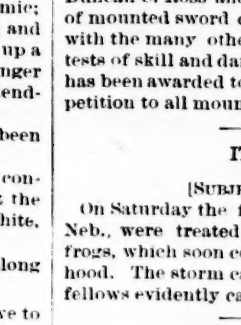
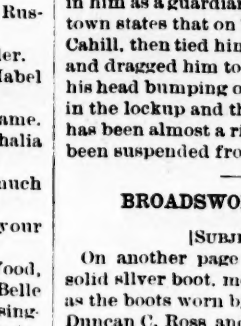
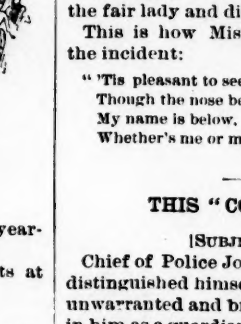
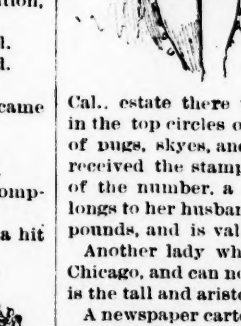
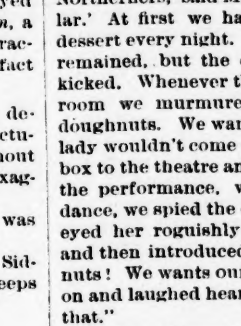
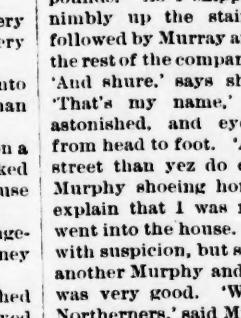
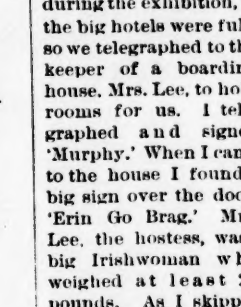
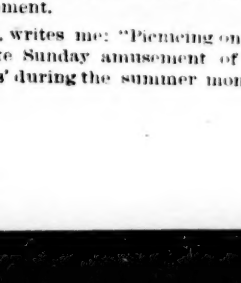
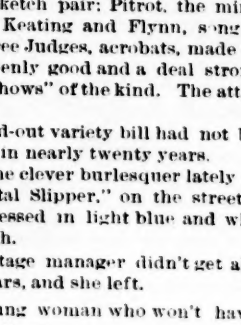
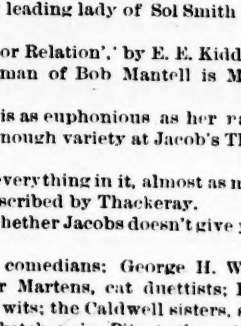
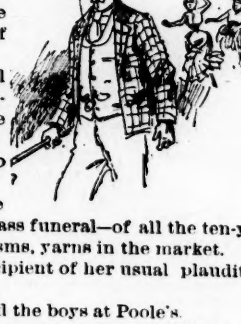
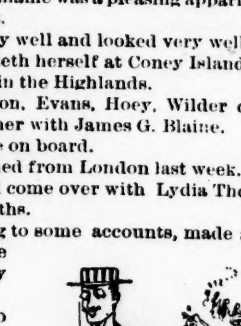
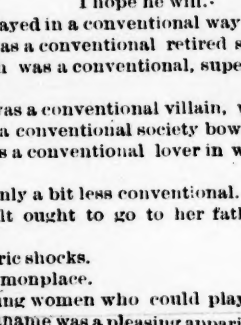
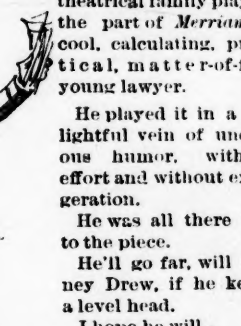
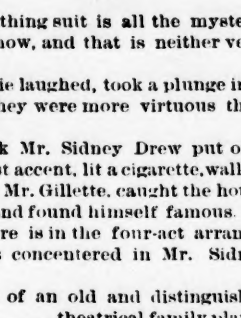
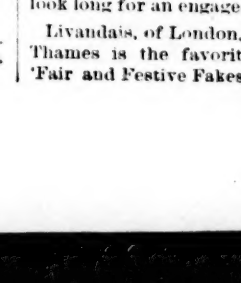
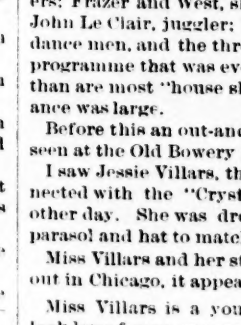
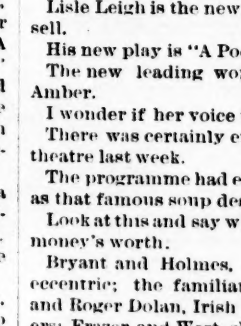
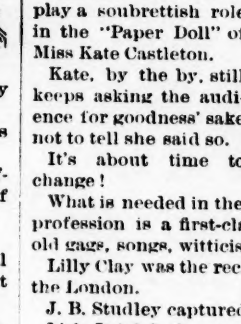
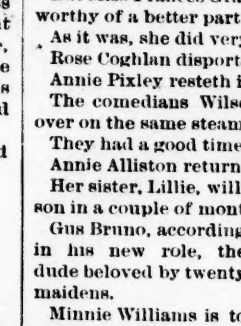
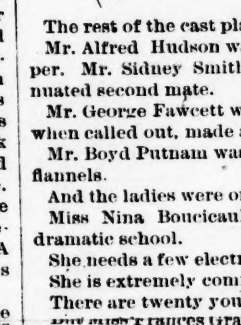
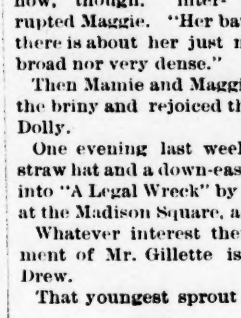
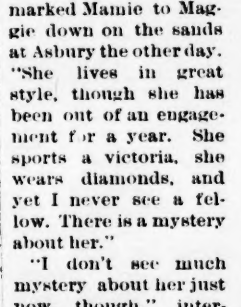
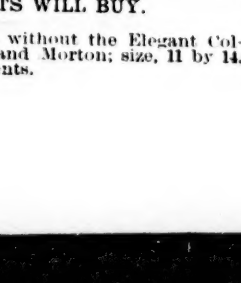
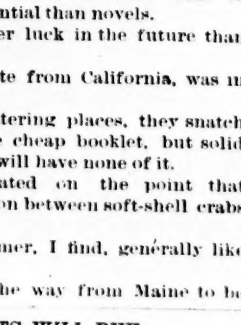
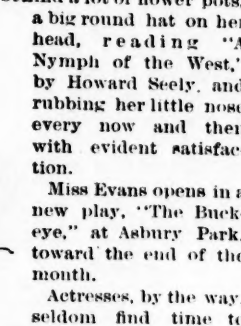
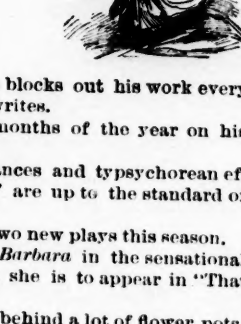
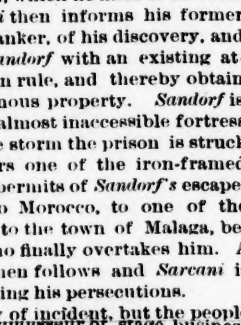
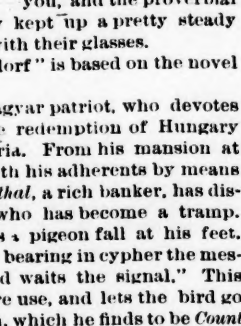
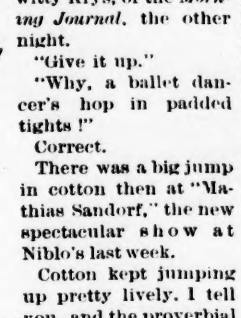
[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Saturday the farmers living north of Hastings, Neb., were treated to a heavy shower of toads and frogs, which soon covered the ground in the neighborhood. The storm came from the north, and the little fellows evidently came from the Platte country.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COPIES.

Send me the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks more. I would feel lost without your paper.

NEMAH WELCH, Sargents Bluff, Iowa.





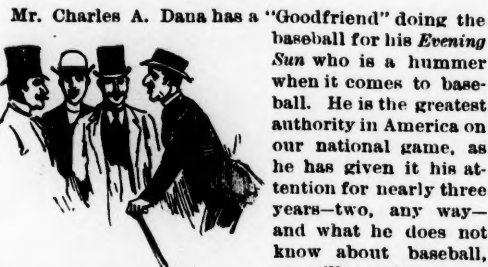
## BASEBALL GOSSIP.

### The Boys Who Have Won Distinction on the Diamond Field.



Edward Crane.

Edward Crane is a Boston boy, and made his professional debut with the Boston Union in 1884, playing in the field, at first base and behind the bat, doing fair work. His hitting was tremendous. He was also a wonderful thrower for distance. On several occasions he went into the box, but was effective principally through wildness and spunk. In 1885 he played with Providence, then with Buffalo, and last year with the Washingtons, but was a failure as a batsman and outfielder. Last season he turned his attention almost entirely to pitching, and has been one of the mainstays of the Torontos in the points, having also recovered to some extent his batting abilities. He is a little above the average height and of very sturdy physique. His work on the coast during the past season marked him as one of the finest of pitchers.



Mr. Charles A. Dana has a "Goodfriend" doing the baseball for his *Evening Sun* who is a hummer when it comes to baseball. He is the greatest authority in America on our national game, as he has given it his attention for nearly three years—two, any way—and what he does not know about baseball, we will not be so unkind as to say would fill a library, but will give the details by saying, is not worth knowing. When the *Chicago* beat the *St. Louis* last season, our "Goodfriend" got into a spirited argument with one of the spectators and got so hot under his collar that it threw him into a violent perspiration and he talked so loud that he could be heard all over the grand stand, when the spectator was ungentlemanly enough to break up the argument by saying: "I saw baseball played fifteen years ago. That was before you were born." Though a "Goodfriend," he got the grand laugh. It was, of course, very rude on the part of the assemblage, but as it was done on the spur of the moment, we hope, for the sake of society, that no offense was taken.

The great trouble with Frank Ringo is that he does not know enough to let go. He is a good ball player, but a better drinker, and when he gets drunk he is a little absent-minded and imagines he owns the whole earth and thinks he can do as he pleases. Occasionally, however, he makes a mistake and gets in trouble, as was the case on August 7 in Omaha, when he got a chance to spend a night in the cooler. Ringo said he would not have cared if they had put him in an ice box until morning, but when it comes to jamming him into a crowded cell among a lot of dirty, sour, stinking tramps, it is a cruelly unjust and beneath the dignity of a high-bred gentleman. When Ringo was brought before the magistrate the next morning he did not have a nickel, nor could he produce a friend to go his bail, so the judge gave him so many minutes to get out of the town.

The Boston management never realize the value of a player till after they release him and he commences to play ball with some other club; then they get red hot over him and want to buy his release and take him back at a higher salary.

They say Anson plays his batteries at times according to his dreams. Wonder if he ever dreams where the pennant is going to land.

Jack Lynch swears he voted for Harrison's grandfather, but no one believes him, as Harrison was violently opposed to baseball in those days, while Jack was then in his prime as a pitcher, and general principles would have kept him from voting.

Bishop, of the London club, now fully realizes the fact that the management was not joking when they fined him \$100 and suspended him indefinitely for insubordination.

The Boston *Globe* tells us all about the Indians who went out to play baseball, and at the close of the first inning the game grew so interesting that they com-

menced chewing each other's ears and fingers off, gouging out eyes, and breaking limbs. It must have been very entertaining for the spectators to see the gladiators at work.

John Galvin, the Pittsburgh pitcher, stole a base last week, and was serenaded by a brass band on the following night.—*Philadelphia Times*. Is it any wonder our prisons are all full when the thieves receive such encouragement as this? So that is the custom, is it, to come around the following night and serenade the thief? Well, that is a pretty good tip for the police. In case of a bank robbery, all they will have to do is to watch the musicians and see where they go to play. There was a German band playing in front of Jim Mutrie's house the other night, but no one took a tumble. No doubt he stole a ball.

Now since the Detroits have dropped down into third place everybody is shouting "dissensions." Watkins, of course, is no good, as is the case with every manager of a losing club. It is claimed that manager, directors and players are all at loggerheads, and the Wolverines have given up all idea of winning the pennant.

Doescher is not a coward, but he is not struck on Philadelphia, and he found it very convenient to be taken sick when it came his turn to umpire in the Quaker City.

The Aldermen of Hamilton, Ont., must have an unmerciful pull to be able to vote \$300 of the public's money away toward the support of their baseball nine. If they have such a free swing as that on the city treasury, what a dandy town it must be to own property in and pay taxes!

Schenck, once a well-known player, now drives an ice wagon in Brooklyn for a livelihood.—*Sporting Life*. Yes, and the same Billy Schenck, like all the other ball players, would take it as a gross insult upon his reputation if he were asked to sign a contract at \$1,000 per year to play ball.

Kansas City is dead sore and thinks she was only used as a dumping ground for Brooklyn to unload her surplus material.

The Boston club officials were very independent about the time they dropped Burdock, but they would give a big red apple now if they still had their clutches on him.

West, of the Columbus club, had such an exalted opinion of himself that he thought the club could not get along without him, but he was dumfounded when the directors took the wind out of his sails.

There is such a thing as a man playing for his release. Darin was a drunkard in Milwaukee, but is playing the game of his life in Manchester.

The Washington club has made the startling discovery that it is much easier to strike a winning gait than a paying crowd.

Arthur Irwin must be pretty liberal, as it seems as though everybody is wearing his gloves.

If Detroit wants to buy she will have to go to Spal-business.

If any man in the baseball business is to be pitied it is Billy Barnie. He means well, but, as luck will have it, he gets the worst lot of stiffa together that ever played ball. It would be impossible for him to do worse if he took the refuse of the morgue.

That is, those who were not worth burying.

Strong as the Brooklyn club are and as fine a position as they have held this season, no one seems to think they are in the race. Can it be possible they have been playing beyond their speed?

This thing of the New Yorks winning many of their games by the skin of their teeth is all very well, but a close inspection will show considerable elbow grease.

Doescher has had a belly full of umpiring and is now anxious to become a manager. If everybody could have all they wanted what a pleasant world this would be.

Gillespie is talking about what he is going to do next year. He is a fine spring chicken to be making a bluff of that sort.

There is nothing like gall and plenty of it. The Toronto club only ask \$3,500 for the release of outfielder Donovan.

Releasing a man for unsatisfactory habits is one of the ways of drawing it mild.

Reid left the Sandusky club rather than play ball on Sunday. We have seen other good Christians like himself that would not think of playing ball on Sunday, but thought nothing of sitting at a gaming table and playing poker all day.

Atkinson, formerly of the Athletics, has pitched in ten successive victories for the Torontos.—*Ez*. He did good work for the Athletics, but the difficulty was that he did not do it often enough. There is such a thing as being outclassed, and there is the biggest difference in the world between the batsmen of the American Association and those of the International Association.

THE BEST SELLING PAPER IN AMERICA.

Storekeepers in towns where there are no news agents and where the *POLICE GAZETTE* is not sold will find it to their interest to send to this office for sample copies and terms. The *POLICE GAZETTE* is the best selling illustrated paper in America.

Words of encouragement are very pleasant, but they do not pay the salaries of the players, as has been discovered by Manager Gooding, of the Minneapolis club.

Sheffler is far from a find and the sooner he is shipped the better.

If there was ever such a thing as a bitter disappointment in baseball, President Byrne has it in his Brooklyn baseball club.

Curry didn't last long as a manager in Jackson, Mich. He tried to make himself solid and popular with the boys by "boozing" with them, but the proprietor of the club took him by the seat of his trousers and dropped him overboard, as they hadn't employed him to teach the boys how to drink rum, but to play ball.

Charlie Sprague of the Chicago Western League club, deserves great credit for the able manner in which he took off the part of a baby at St. Paul, August 11. He didn't like the style in which the umpire called balls and strikes, so he gave an exhibition of how wide of the mark he could pitch and sent twelve men to first base, eight of whom scored. He was so well pleased with his grand success that he gave one of his admirers, Manager Hengle, \$100 in hard cash.

Jim Manning, of the Kansas City, got to nosing around a line ball till his bridge gave way under the pressure.

Coleman, of the Pittsburgh club, has pleasant recollections of Chicago, and when he visits that city he always drops in the Chicago's new club house for a shower bath, but he knows enough now to remove his clothing before taking his drenching. There is nothing like experience for a teacher.

Hackett is resuming his same old bulldozing tactics toward the umpires in his Syracuse management which he indulged in when he managed the Newark.

When the Browns of Grass Valley and the Intrepids of Marysville play an eleven inning game, it is a sure sign that the New Yorks will win the pennant.

Billy Sharsiz was a trifle hot over the last two games played in St. Louis, claiming that the Athletics did not get a square deal.

The Lowell players showed their good common sense by agreeing to take a 20 per cent. reduction of salary for the remainder of the season, instead of crowding the management to the wall and forcing them to disband.

The Boston club management are making a play for Johnny Ward, who they would like to have captain and manage their team next year. It is hardly likely, however, that President Day will let so valuable a player slip through his fingers.

JUNE.

### FOUND HER TRUANT BOY.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Saturday afternoon a spick and span rig, containing one lady and three gentlemen, pulled up in front of the door of Professor Clark's Natatorium in St. Louis, Mo. With the assistance of one of the young gallants the lady alighted. She appeared a matronly dame of 40 or so, clad in a fragment of a blue dress a la Mother Hubbard, crepe shawl and a bewitching sun bonnet and veil. On alighting she unconsciously exposed an ample foot encased in morocco slippers that capped a chocolate foot, and she was seized by the nape of the neck and shouted: "Here he is; here's my Danny! Come with me, you little dayvel!"

In her excitement she gradually approached the edge of the platform, and suddenly she missed her footing. A bundle of clothes cut the air and the lady went under. By the time Al Sundstrom and the other attendants had plunged in a gray wad floated on the surface of the water, which Al grabbed, while the other boys struggled with the unfortunate woman under water trying to rescue her.

When they came to the surface a blonde head, clipped off short, betrayed the joke, and everybody howled while the woman glided quickly into a dressing-room, from which she emerged shortly after metamorphosed into Claude Martin, a well-known dealer in horse flesh.

Billy Crouch, Jules Ryder and Sam Stuart were the other boys in the joke.

### ATTACKED BY A MADMAN.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

City Marshal Robert Blythe, of Mount Vernon, O., had a desperate and thrilling encounter with a madman on Thursday night that nearly cost him his life. When he arrived at his home about ten o'clock he was informed that his adjoining neighbor, Michael Lee, had been acting in a wild manner to such a degree as to alarm his family. Officer Blythe, without side arms or mace, stepped across to the house for the purpose of quieting Lee by kind words and argument, as he had succeeded in doing on previous occasions.

No sooner had the officer entered the door than Lee pounced upon him with the ferocity of a tiger and threw him to the floor, at the same time slashing him with a razor. The keen blade penetrated his neck below the left ear and extended across the jaw, laying open the flesh until the jugular vein was exposed. Before the officer could extricate himself from the madman he received three other frightful gashes upon the thigh and calf of his leg.

### HE CALLED HER A LIAR.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

On Monday a cold northwest gale blew over the picturesque town of Keyport, N. J., but it was no circumstance to the breeze which has been stirring society there ever since Saturday last, when pretty Mrs. Elizabeth Sutcliffe horsewhipped Mr. Timothy Mount (by universal accord pronounced the Adonis of the town) in the Post Office, and at an hour when all Keyport, so to speak, happened to be out for its mail. It is said that Mr. Mount called Mrs. Sutcliffe a liar, and that she took this method of getting even with that gentleman, who is a cripple.

### THIS BEATS DUCKS.

(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

Captain Jack Williams, the noted Maltese swimmer, floated down the Mississippi river from Alton, Ill., arriving at St. Louis, Mo., on Sunday, a distance of 25 miles, with his legs tied together and his hands tied behind his back. He started at 11 a. m. and reached St. Louis at 7 p. m.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

### Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Patrick Hagerty.

Patrick Hagerty, City Marshal and Chief of Police of Columbus, Ind., is a son of the "ould darr." He was born in Muckross, county Donegal, Ireland, Dec. 11, 1847. He emigrated to this country in 1863, and for the succeeding six years worked in the oil and pine regions of Pennsylvania. He went to Columbus in 1869, and three years later was appointed on the police force, remaining until 1875, when failing health compelled him to resign. In 1880, having regained his health, he was re-appointed on the police force, and continued doing duty until 1885, when he was nominated for City Marshal and elected by a handsome majority. He was re-elected in 1887. Some of the hardest criminals doing the State free duty in the Jeffersonville Penitentiary owe their enforced labor to the detective ability of Marshal Hagerty.

Mrs. Lizzie Miller.

Alias Openheimer, alias Petron, alias Kepler, alias Hoffman, alias Hartman, etc., was recently arrested by Special Officer Gardiner and Assistant Superintendent Stocking, of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, charged with procuring young girls for immoral purposes. It is alleged that she has been successfully engaged in the business in this city for over two years and a half.

Mrs. Wade Thompson.

Of New Haven, Conn., has made a stir in the social circles of that town by beginning a suit for divorce against her husband, whom she alleges has been unfaithful to her. Mr. Wade, if her allegations be true, man. The parties in this case occupy a prominent social position, and further developments are eagerly looked for.

Stella Stuart.

Whose fine face and figure are reproduced in our theatrical columns this week, was born in Germany. She made her first appearance with Friedrich Haase in German in San Francisco in 1880, and played three years in California. Miss Stella Stuart made her first appearance in English with Leonard Grover in repertoire, appeared in comic opera with McCaull, did well in Cincinnati and Cleveland in drama, and passed a severe musical examination at the Royal Conservatory of Berlin. Miss Stuart is now engaged as the Sun Queen in the Twelve Temptations of W. J. Gilmore.

Charley Mitchell.

The handsome, debonnaire Birmingham lad, Charley Mitchell, is photographed in full length on another page. As champion boxer of England, the gallant Charley has won a record he may well be proud of. But what is far dearer to his heart than all else is the virtual defeat he gave the erstwhile terror, John L. Sullivan, in their memorable battle of March 10 last, near Chantilly, France. The pluck, generalship and ability to give and take punishment displayed by Mitchell in that encounter stamps him as one of the greatest disciples of the manly art the prize ring has ever known. To-day Charley is at the top of the heap, while Sullivan "is in the soup," as the kids tersely put it.

Joseph P. Harris.

Is a New York boy. Handsome, genial and a thorough "hustler," he made his debut in theatrical circles fourteen years ago, assuming the treasurer's office of a then popular variety theatre of this city. His hustling qualities soon tired of "simply jingling the cash," and he longed to try his luck with a combination on the road. This was some thirteen years ago, and he has been constantly on the go ever since, successfully piloting combinations all over the United States and Canada. He toured the "Marinelli," "Needles and Pins," and other equally well-known and popular dramatic successes. He also managed with marked success the Evans and Hoey traveling combination. This season finds him at the helm with Johnson and Slavin's Minstrels.

### DEAD WHEN DISCOVERED.

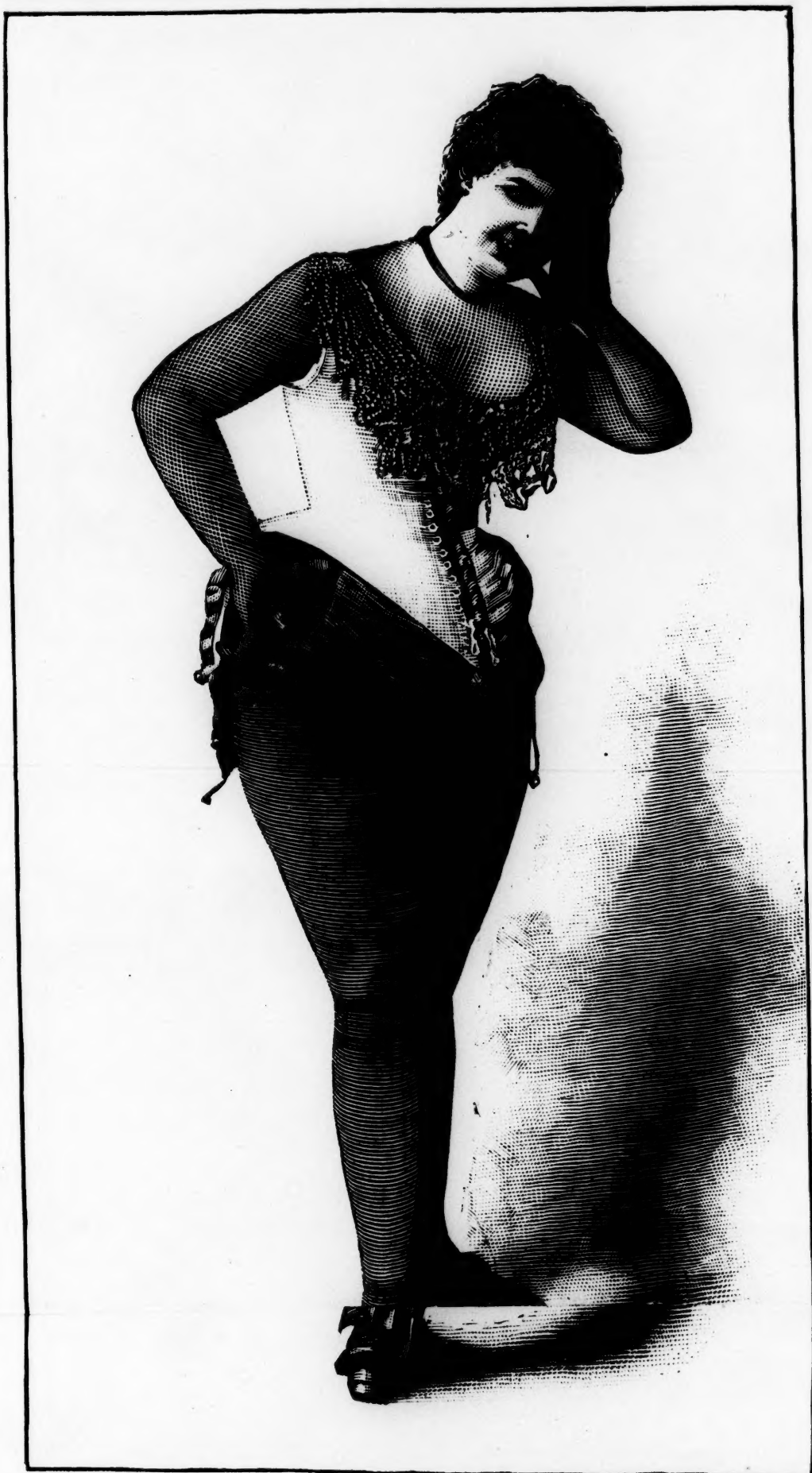
(SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.)

The proprietors of the *Herald*, of Quincy, Ill., were surprised on Monday morning in finding one of their printers hanging by one heel from the lower porch of the building. The "typo" was James Purvis, nineteen years old, and it is supposed that he accidentally fell from a veranda which runs along the third story, and that he was caught in the fall, where he hung until life was extinct.

### ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS FOR 25 CENTS.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.





STELLA STUART,

ONE OF THE BRIGHT STARS OF THE W. J. GILMORE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS COMPANY.



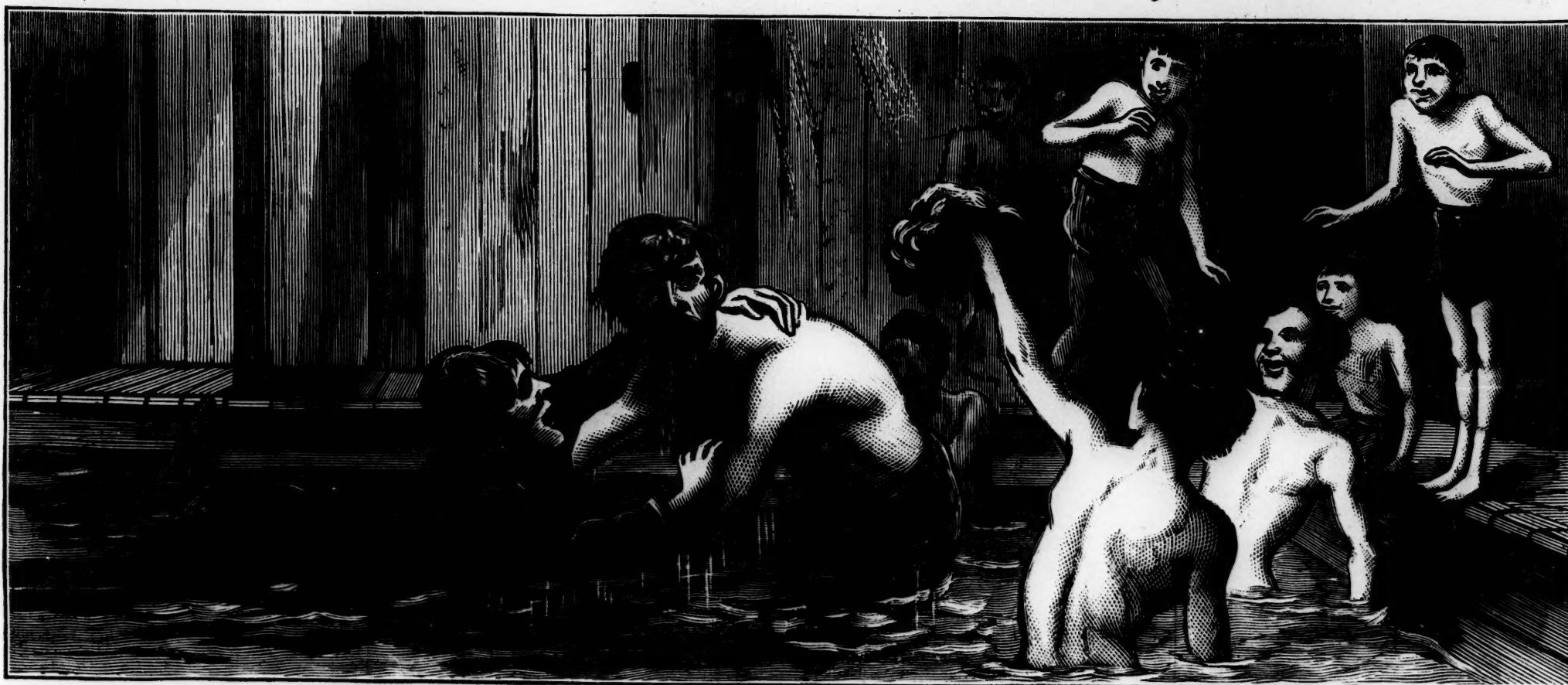
JOSEPH P. HARRIS,

A WIDELY KNOWN, ENERGETIC AND SUCCESSFUL MANAGER, NOW WITH JOHNSON AND SLAVIN'S MINSTRELS.



ATTACKED BY A MADMAN.

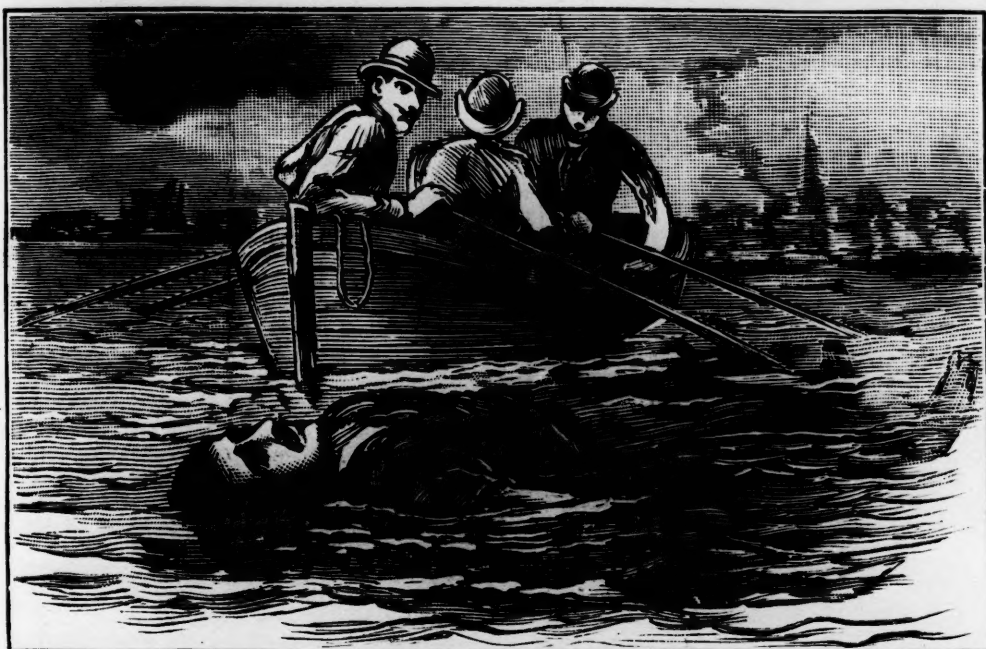
A MANIAC FIERCELY ASSAULTS CITY MARSHAL BLYTHE, OF MOUNT VERNON, OHIO.



FOUND HER TRUANT BOY.

CLAUDE MARTIN, A WELL-KNOWN ST. LOUIS, MO., SPORT, PERPETRATES A SIDE-SPLITTING JOKE IN PROF. CLARK'S NATATORIUM.





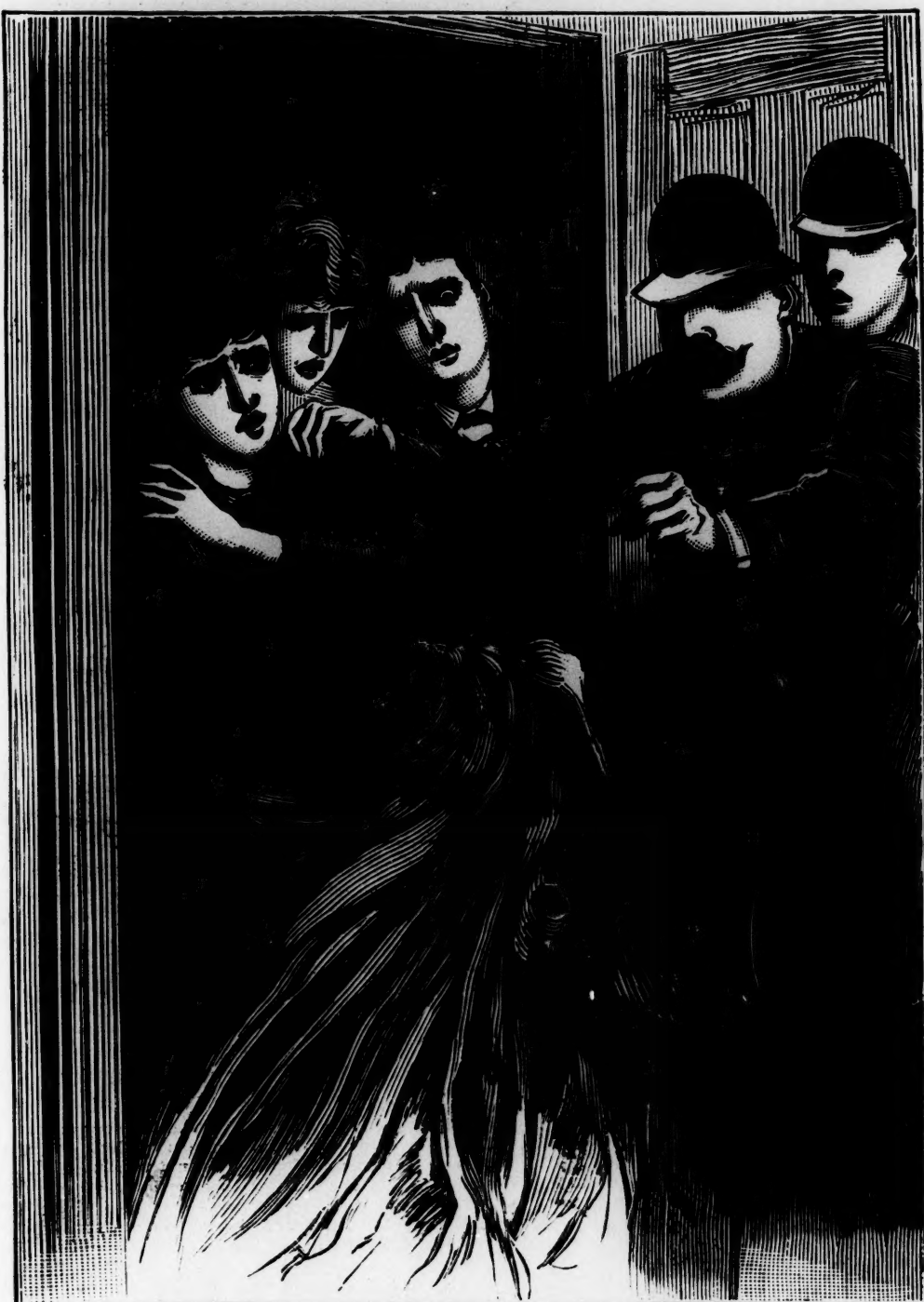
THIS BEATS DUCKS.

CAPT. JACK WILLIAMS FLOATS DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI FROM ALTON, ILL., TO ST. LOUIS, TWENTY-FIVE MILES, TIED HAND AND FOOT.



A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

BRAVE MRS. MCCASKIE RESCUES HER THREE CHILDREN FROM DEATH BY FIRE AT MOUNT TABOR CAMP MEETING, SUMMIT, N. J.



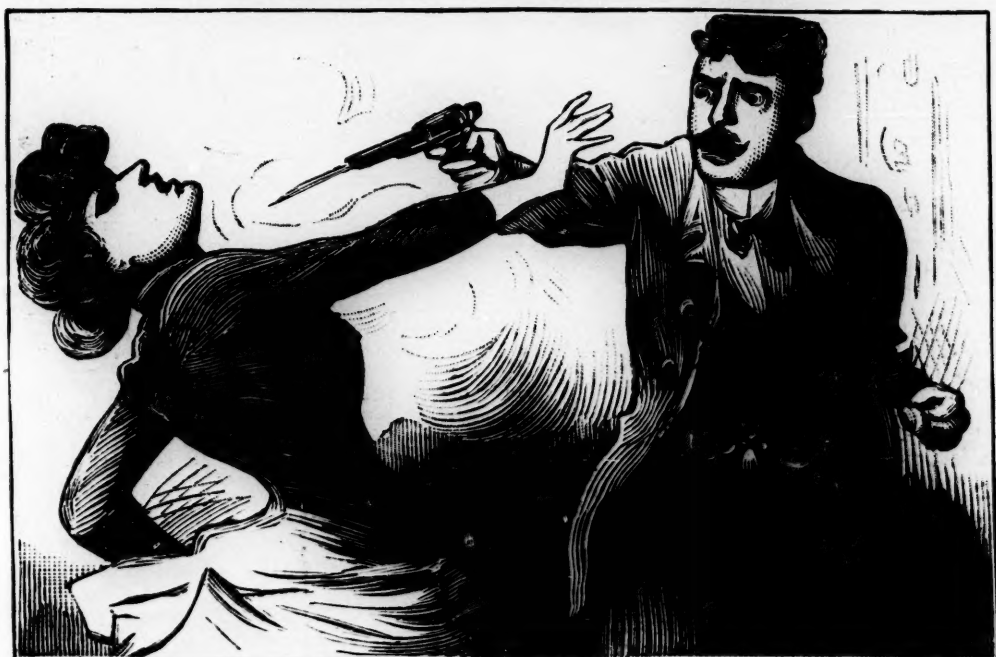
LOCKED THEM ALL UP.

FALL RIVER, MASS., POLICE SUDDENLY APPEAR AT A SWELL WEDDING AND PULL THE WHOLE PARTY IN FOR DANCING ON SUNDAY.



HE CALLED HER A LIAR.

MR. TIMOTHY MOUNT, THE ADONIS OF KEYPORT, N. J., WHO OFFENDED PRETTY MRS. SUTCLIFFE, IS HORSEWHIPPED FOR HIS RUDENESS.



BULLETS END A COURTSHIP.

GEORGE BRADLEY, A GIDDY PLAINVILLE, CONN., YOUNG MAN, SHOOTS PRETTY LILLIE PORTER AS A RESULT OF A LOVER'S QUARREL.



IT WAS ONLY A DOG.

MRS. BELL, OF NEW YORK CITY, LAVISHES HER AFFECTION ON A DECEASED CANINE BY BURYING IT IN A SILVER PLATED COFFIN.



## AWFUL WICKED.

How Rev. Mr. Holt of Richmond, Ind., Paraded in Sheep's Clothing.

SEVERAL WIVES TOO MANY.

Stealing the Livery of Heaven to Serve the Devil in.

A STARTLING EXPOSE



STORY has been brought to light at Richmond, Ind., that equals that of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. It is the story of a man who, while wearing the sacred garb of the ministry, is a veritable moral leper.

The subject of this article—this Mr. Hyde—is Reverend or Professor Holt, pastor of the Christian Church of that city. The charges against him have been whispered for some time, but the *Telegram* would not believe them until a most careful investigation brought forth their truthfulness, and they had become general talk among the members of the church, who were horrified when they learned that the man who had stood before them for months and expounded the Holy Word is a fraud and a humbug.

The Christian Chapel, while not one of the fashionable churches, is made up of some of the best people in Richmond, people honest and worthy in their endeavors to serve the Lord. The church has for some time been struggling along, but the good ladies went to work and paid off the indebtedness and then the board of trustees looked about for a pastor.

This man Holt showed up about this time. He was a plausible talker, of good address and in the few sermons he preached showed himself to be a capable man. He was not officious, but seemed a worthy man. After some time he was regularly engaged as a pastor and it was noticed that before he would move to Richmond he saw that he was assured of his salary.

From the day that "Rev." Holt took charge of the church it has regularly increased. In the beginning of Holt's pastorate the attendance was very small; latterly there was not standing room in the building when he preached, and the members were delighted with the progress they were making, when, as sudden as a flash of lightning and as unexpected as a shower of fire, came charges against the popular pastor that simply dumfounded the members.

A few weeks ago, it is charged that "Rev." Holt made an indecent exposure of his person to some ladies, who were naturally very indignant, and talked of having him arrested, but when they found they would have to appear in court against him they shrank from the publicity and only reported the occurrence to the officers of the church. The officials did not make the matter public, but went quietly to work and soon had the evidence of moral leprosy, astounding and disgusting in the extreme.

The charges were told to Holt, but he made no denial of them, neither would he admit their truth. He was given a chance to resign and the Board of Trustees promptly accepted his resignation. The full text of the charges and the evidence the members of the church have secured the *Telegram* knows nothing of. It knows, however, that at least twenty members of the church are in possession of the facts and have freely talked them since Monday last, and for that reason a reporter was set to work to either vindicate the man or expose him, that no more Christian communities may be deluded by a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Among other things that Holt is accused of is traveling under a different name and being married under the name of Albert A. Adams, at Greenfield, Ind.

The reporter was sent to Greenfield to examine the records, and there had talk with County Clerk Richard A. Black.

"Do you know a preacher named Adams, who formerly lived up in this county, Mr. Black?" asked the reporter.

Mr. Black studied a moment, and then answered: "There is a man now living, I think, at Richmond, Ind., who goes by the name of Holt, who married a girl in this county under the name of Adams."

"What kind of a man is he, Mr. Black?"

"A scoundrel of the worst kind, and I hope you can get him in the penitentiary, where he belongs."

The reporter did not make his business known, but Mr. Black, who is one of the foremost men in Hancock county, gave a history of the man that showed how he stands in that community. The history, as secured from other parties, is given further along in this article.

By request of the reporter Clerk Black furnished the following document:

Albert A. Adams to Clara A. Patterson. Be it remembered that on this 10th day of July, 1882, the following marriage license was issued—to wit:

The State of Indiana, Hancock county, ss. To all who shall see these presents. Greeting.

### THE HANDSOMEST IN THE MARKET.

No Democrat should be without the Elegant Colored Portraits of Cleveland and Thurman; size, 11 by 14. Sent to any address for 25 cents.

Know ye that any person empowered by law to solemnize marriages is hereby authorized to join together as husband and wife Albert A. Adams and Clara A. Patterson, and for so doing this shall be his sufficient authority.

In testimony whereof, I, Ephraim Marsh, Clerk of the Hancock Circuit Court, hereunto subscribe my name and affix the seal of said county, at Greenfield, this 10th day of July, 1882.

Be it remembered that on this 11th day of July, 1882, the following certificate was filed in my office, to wit:



"REV." HOLT MAKES A DISGUSTING EXHIBITION OF HIMSELF ON A RAILROAD TRAIN.

State of Indiana, Hancock county, ss.: This certifies that I joined in marriage, as husband and wife, Albert A. Adams and Clara A. Patterson on the 10th day of July, 1882.

ENOCH HOLDSTOCK, Officiating Minister.

State of Indiana, Hancock county, ss.: I, Richard A. Black, Clerk of the Circuit Court within and for said county of Hancock and State of Indiana, do hereby certify that the foregoing to be true and correct copies of the marriage license and certificates of marriage of Albert A. Adams and Clara A. Patterson, as the same now appear upon the marriage record now on file in my office.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed the seal of said court at Greenfield, Ind., this 27th day of July, 1888.

RICHARD A. BLACK, Clerk.

[Seal] The question then naturally would be whether Holt and Adams are identical, and Mr. Black suggested that

"Yes, I know the ———. He's my uncle. He ought to be hung," was the fond reply of young Mr. West as he climbed into the buggy and guided the reporter to the home of Mr. Arnett, west of the city.

Mr. Arnett was found, and, seated beneath some pleasant shade trees, he told the story of his brother-in-law's life as far as he knew it.

William Shaffer was, some years ago, a wealthy farmer and a strong member of the Universalist Church.

One day he was at an adjoining village, and there

not prosecute and he was acquitted. She, like a true and faithful wife, took him back and they lived together. On his trial he would not tell why he changed his name after going away from his wife, and no one in Fortville with whom the reporter talked seemed to know.

The couple lived in Fortville until some time last winter, when Holt was guilty of another villainous act. He made an exhibition of his person to some ladies on the train coming from Indianapolis, and the other passengers were so indignant that they wanted to stop the train and hang him to a telegraph pole, but better counsel prevailed and he was handed over to the officers at Fortville, taken before Esquire Hastings and fined \$15 for indecency.

Said Mr. Arnett: "He claimed that he had no money, but Clara—his wife—paid the fine imposed. After the trial she wanted me to take him in my buggy and get him out of town, but I would not do it, but said she could take the rig herself. He walked down the road and she took his valises in the buggy and went another way. I suppose they met and he got to a train and got out of the county. I never heard where they went or what had become of him until now, when you tell me he is in Richmond."

"Why did he leave Fortville so secretly?" asked the reporter.

"They were going to hang him; d—n him!" interposed young Mr. West, the nephew.

"Yes," said Mr. Arnett, "the feeling here against him was very strong, and I expect if he had stayed another night he would have been hurt."

"Andy Hagen looked for him for two hours," again volunteered Mr. West. "Andy wanted to shoot him. Holt made an exhibition of himself in the depot at Indianapolis before he got on the train."

"Have you no evidence of who this man Holt or Adams is?" asked the reporter.

"No, sir; I have not. No one can tell anything about him. Mr. Shaffer, my father-in-law, once asked him where he came from, and he said from the East. When he was pressed to tell what part of the East, he would only say he came from Pennsylvania, and would tell nothing more about himself. He came here about six years ago. One time when he was away he wrote back that he intended committing suicide, and said when we got his letter he would have taken the fatal dose. The next was a request for money to come home on. The money was sent him, and he came home. Then he moved to Litchfield, Ill., where he preached either as a Universalist or a Christian; I don't know which. Then he had a boarding house at St. Louis. Of course, while he was away I didn't know much about him, but my brother-in-law, Mr. Pilkenton, who lives in Kansas, was out here a short time ago, and said that Holt had practiced law at Dighton, Kansas, and got into trouble there on account of his indecency. He has preached, lectured on temperance, sold books and worked in other professions that I know of. Oh, he is a sleek one, I tell you."

"What is his real denomination, Mr. Arnett?"

"He has always, as far as I know, been a Universalist."

"You know to a certainty that Holt and Adams are the same persons, do you?"

"Well, he married my wife's sister, and I ought to know," answered Mr. Arnett, with the least show of indignation.

The answer was sufficient to satisfy the reporter that Mr. Arnett knew whereof he spoke.

Mr. Arnett also said that Mr. Holt had tried to get some property in his hands—asking Mr. Shaffer to deed it to him and he would keep him (Shaffer) as long as he should live, but in answer to the reporter's questions Mr. Arnett said that Holt did not attempt any undue means to secure the property, but did not appear to be delighted with his failure to get it.

The reporter called to see Justice Hastings, but the court was away fishing and could not be seen. Mrs. Hastings, however, was familiar with the facts that Holt had been fined in her husband's court, and so stated. She also gave it as her opinion that Holt is crazy.

"Do you know a man named Holt who used to live here?" asked the reporter of the old man who keeps the boarding house, or "hotel," where the newsman ate supper.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "and I tell you he has lost his 'holt' here."

"What kind of a reputation has he?"

"It's a mighty bad one around these parts. We think mighty little of him."

In fact every one at Greenfield and Fortville with whom the reporter talked gave Holt a mighty bad send off. Of course there were many stories about him that when traced down were found to be untrue, but his record is such that he will probably keep away from Fortville.

He has been in a number of places as a minister and seems to have been in trouble in a majority of the places.

Holt came to Richmond some time in January and has been quite a success. He stated that he used to be a Universalist, but changed his mind when he saw his error, but there is a report that he is not even a member of the Christian denomination. He has always chosen interesting subjects and preached so well as to be a great favorite. He delivered a special sermon to the members of the G. A. R. post, which was spoken of in the highest terms by the old soldiers who heard it, and a short time ago Hon. John L. Rupe sent his name to Chairman Huston as a good speaker, but Mr. Rupe got a tip in time to prevent the fellow's appointment.

One thing that can be said to his credit is that while he has been in Richmond he has been a hard worker, and had he not again been guilty of his contemptible tricks his past record would have been overlooked on the plea that he had reformed.

His reputation as a speaker and preacher is first-class everywhere. Mr. Arnett said that the fellow is really a marvel as an orator and had considerable influence in his work.

Some of the charitably disposed claim that Holt has crazy spells and commits the degrading acts while out of his mind, but on this point his relatives could throw no light. It is certain that as far as the reporter could learn by the most careful inquiry Holt has never been mixed up in any scandals. His wickedness seems to consist in indecencies. On one occasion he appeared in his pulpit here with his clothing disarranged, but in the light of subsequent events it may not have been so much of an accident.

Mrs. Holt bears an unblemished reputation, and her relatives all inquired most kindly after her. She certainly has been the true wife, and likely believes, as others do, that her husband at times is off in his mind.

Duncan C. Ross accepts Major J. A. McGuire's challenge to meet him in a combination contest, consisting of sword combat, Indian tent-pecking and tilting. Match for any amount, from \$200 to \$500 a side. Ross to be notified three weeks in advance of the date set for match. Money to be deposited with R. E. Fox or any reliable newspaper in St. Louis.



THE "REVEREND" GENTLEMAN GREATLY SHOCKS AND DISGUSTS SOME OF HIS LADY PARISHIONERS.

the information could be secured at Fortville fourteen miles distant. The reporter at once secured a horse and buggy and started to Fortville, arriving in the village about 6 o'clock. He had been directed to see a man named West and one named Joseph Arnett, both of whom are brothers-in-law to Holt, alias Adams. The first man he struck was a son of Mr. West's, who stated that his father and mother were both out of town and would not be back for a day or two, but that Mr. Arnett could be seen.

"Do you know a man named Adams, alias Holt?" asked the reporter.

anapolis recognized the missing Adams as Prof. Holt, who was lecturing on temperance in the south part of the State. Mrs. Adams filed charges against him, and he was arrested for wife desertion and brought back to Fortville, to be tried. Once here he convinced his wife, evidently, that he thought she had moved from Fortville and he could not find her. Anyhow she did

### SEND FOR SAMPLE COPIES.

Send me the POLICE GAZETTE for thirteen weeks more. I would feel lost without your paper. NEMAH WELCH, Sargeants Bluffs, Iowa.



# JAKE TALKS.

## Interview Between the Great American Champion and Mr. Richard K. Fox.

### SOME LIVELY SPORTING CHAT.

#### Kilrain, Mitchell, "Pony" Moore and Mr. G. W. Atkinson Get Caned.

#### TESTIMONIAL TO THE CHAMPION.

[LONDON SPORTING LIFE, JULY 25.]

Mr. Richard K. Fox—we had nearly written Mr. O. K. Fox—the well-known proprietor of the *Police Gazette*, New York, and the friend and backer of gallant Jake Kilrain in his recent fight for the championship of the world, is once more a sojourner on our shores. Mr. Fox, who has crossed the "pond" with a view of doing a grand tour, called at the *Sporting Life* office on Thursday morning by appointment to meet Jake Kilrain and Charlie Mitchell, and was received by Mr. G. W. Atkinson. Twelve was the appointed hour, and the last stroke of the sumptuous office timepiece was still vibrating when the door opened and Charlie Mitchell, with the punctuality which is the politeness of kings and boxing champions, appeared, looking as fresh as paint and as fit as a fiddle. Mr. Fox grasped him warmly by the hand and said: "Well, Charlie, you're looking A1, but where's Jake?" It transpired that Jake was on a tour in the distressed country with some friends, being last heard of at the Lakes of Killarney, with Tony Sage, of Dublin, and other sporting friends. "Well," said Mr. Fox, "you must wire him to come over. I want to make him a present; what do you think he'd like?" After some conversation, it was agreed that a walking cane would be suitable. "He shall have," said Mr. Fox, "the handsome cane that can be purchased in the city, and you shall have one, too, Charley. Mr. Atkinson and I will see about it." A wire having been dispatched requesting Jake to return to town immediately, the genial donor of the diamond belt presented Mr. Atkinson with a box of choice cigars (his own brand, "R. K. Fox"), and the magnum of Heidsieck being broached, the following conversation ensued:

Mr. Fox—When are you going to America, Charlie?  
Mitchell—Jake and I propose sailing in August.  
Mr. Fox—Will you fight Dempsey?  
Mitchell (smiling sarcastically)—I don't know. See how I feel (looking at his damaged hand). I don't want to fight particularly, but I can beat Dempsey any time.  
Mr. Fox—Well, Dempsey wants to fight you.  
Mitchell—He don't. Why, he wouldn't fight me in Chicago unless I agreed to give him all the receipts of the house in the event of my not knocking him out in six rounds.  
Mr. Fox—Well, I'll put up £200 in Mr. Atkinson's hands, and I'll give a belt to the winner.  
Mitchell—Dempsey don't want to fight me. There's Reddy Gallagher. I think he'd make a good match with Dempsey. I'm going to see Jake through, and then—(Charlie didn't finish the sentence, but smiled significantly).  
Mr. Atkinson—When do you sail, Charlie?  
Mitchell—In the *Etruria*, on the 18th of August.  
Mr. Fox—I believe Tony Pastor's here.  
Mitchell—Yes; I met him at a garden party at Charles Godfrey's the other day.  
Mr. Fox—He and "Pony" Moore would make a good double team, but I think "Pony" takes the cake.  
Mr. Atkinson—He's a masterpiece.  
Mr. Fox—What's your opinion of Jake, Charlie. He's a good 'un?  
Mitchell—Yes; he can lick any of 'em. No man ever improved so wonderfully and so rapidly in fighting and boxing. He took some training. I can tell you. He was 16 stone 6 pounds when I and Charley Rowell began with him, and we got him down to a little under 13 stone. It's a pleasure to train such a man, though, for he'll do anything he's told. He's real grit is Jake, and a credit to you, Mr. Fox.  
Mr. Fox—Yes, and I'm satisfied with him in every particular. I feel proud to have backed the man who I think is champion of the world. Well, I shall see you in New York when I return.  
Mr. Atkinson—What portions of Europe do you visit this year?  
Mr. Fox—Berlin, Vienna and Constantinople.  
Mitchell—They're very thick in Turkey, I'm told (smiling). Wish I'd got a paper.  
Mr. Fox—It's like you with Sullivan, Charlie—they can't get there.  
Mitchell—No, and they weren't particularly anxious, with all their "blowing." If I hadn't tackled him, John L. would have gone away without a fight. As it was, if I didn't give him everything he wanted there would have been no fight.  
Mr. Fox—Well, you spoiled the big man, at all events. How did he shape?  
Mitchell—I have never seen Sullivan so fit as when he stepped in the ring at Chantilly, but (with a smile) he was very doubtful, and played for a bit until I got in three or four thick punches, which stirred him up a bit, and he made it very warm for twenty minutes. I didn't look very pretty, I can tell you.  
Mr. Fox—Did you ever think during the fight that you were going to lose?  
Mitchell—No, for I knew my man, and was waiting for him. Once I did turn round to "Pony" Moore, as I was sitting in my corner on Dick Roberts' back and ask him what he'd take for his £500, but that was chaff. When J. L. began to get a bit winded I went in and dealt it out thick, I can tell you. What I wanted to do (and the boxing champion got up and illustrated his idea by throwing himself into position) was to draw him, and then go home with my right. He came it

once, and I let go the right for all I was worth. It just missed him by the fraction of an inch. He knew it (Mitchell smiled grimly), and didn't come again. If I'd got home that time it would have settled him.

Mr. Fox—Shall you issue a challenge on arriving in America?

Mitchell—No. Jake's the champion of the world. If there are any pugilists who fancy themselves they can be on. They say Killen is said to think he has a chance.

Mr. Fox—But you don't think so.

Mitchell—Jake can lick any of the crowd—Sullivan or any of them. They didn't think much of him when I brought him over, but you remember (to Mr. Atkinson) that I told you to stand on me. He'll knock 'em all out. But we shall fight west of the Missouri. I'm very popular there—and they are men. They want to see the best man win, anyhow.

A telegram was then handed in announcing that the champion was on his way, so it was agreed that the champion and Mr. Richard K. Fox, his backer, should meet at the *Sporting Life* offices on Saturday at 1 p. m.

The meeting being thus adjourned, half a dozen bottles of the "sparkling" were broached, and the famous Fox brand of cigars were handed round, the evergreen Pony Moore arriving just in time for the refreshment.

The question of the Farewell Benefit was then discussed, and it was ultimately arranged that it should be held at the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, on Wednesday, the 15th of August. Bumpers of the amber vintage being poured, Mr. G. W. Atkinson proposed the health of Mr. Richard K. Fox, and wished success to the New York Illustrated *Police Gazette*. He alluded to Mr. Fox's generosity in presenting Kilrain with all the stake money (notwithstanding the fight being drawn), and mentioned the extremely handsome and valuable "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which was quite unique as a pugilistic trophy. Indeed, the pugilistic renaissance of the present time was due in a great measure to Mr. Fox's plucky and sportsmanlike behavior.

The proprietor of the *Police Gazette* thanked Mr. Atkinson for his kind words, and remarked that he had known him for many years as a straightforward and courteous gentleman. In proposing the health of the *Sporting Life* he remarked that his relations with the leading British sporting newspaper were fraught with very kindly feelings, and would always be a source of pleasure to him. The evergreen Pony having also improved the occasion with a few words, an adjournment was made until Saturday.

The genial proprietor of the New York *Police Gazette*, although a Belfast man by birth, has acquired during his residence in "Gotham" all the "go-aheadness" of the Gothamites, and perhaps a little more. Without wasting a moment, he chartered a hansom and started for the city in search of the "very best thing" in the shape of presentation canes. His experiences in most of the large city houses were somewhat peculiar. His brief announcement that he wanted the very best canes, that price was no object, hinting that if they were made of solid gold or other precious metals he would be pleased, in all cases quite took aback the urbane warehouseman, who would retire to consult his superior, who in turn would come forward; his stolid British gravity forming a curious contrast to the irrepressible nervous energy of the American. "Guess I can't see anything good enough," remarked Mr. Fox at last, and it seemed as if the quest would be futile, until at last one candid warehouseman remarked, "Well, sir, we don't keep such expensive articles in stock, and there's only one place in London where you can get them. That is Henry Howell & Co's, 176, 178, 180 and 182 Old street. They are the largest cane and stick makers in the world, and if you don't get them there you won't get them anywhere."

Thither Mr. Fox bent his steps, and there at last found a suitable article. Not content with purchasing two superb canes for Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell, he also secured one for Mr. Pony Moore, and one for Mr. G. W. Atkinson. The one selected for Jake Kilrain was (the shopman said) the finest Malacca cane in the establishment, beautifully marked, with a magnificent solid ivory handle, and a massive gold collar, on which was ordered to be engraved, "Jake Kilrain, presented to him by his backer and friend, Richard K. Fox."

Mitchell's was a similar cane, but rather smaller. Pony Moore's stick is a peculiar patent, the top opening when pressed by a spring, and disclosing a small cigarette factory. These will be presented to the recipients at the complimentary testimonial benefit to Jake Kilrain at the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, on Wednesday, August 15.

Punctually at 1 o'clock last Saturday Mr. Fox walked into the *Sporting Life* office, and three minutes later gallant Jake, accompanied by Charley Mitchell and Pony Moore, entered. Mr. Fox shook Kilrain warmly by the hand. The champion, who was fashionably attired in a dark gray suit and a first-class "beaver," looked a picture of strength and robust manhood.

Mr. Fox—Well, Jake, you've had a good time?  
Kilrain—Capital, Mr. Fox.

Mr. Fox—Been on tour in Ireland, I hear?  
Kilrain—Yes; I've been with Tony Sage and party.

Mr. Atkinson—Your first visit to Killarney, Jake?  
Jake—Yes. I was born in America, at Greenport, Columbia, N. Y. State. So was my father. My mother was born in Ireland, at a village called Kiltan, county Athlone.

Mr. Fox—And how have they treated you in England, Jake?  
Kilrain (rapping a huge blackthorn—present from Tony Sage—on the floor)—Like a prince! I shall never forget it. Perhaps they like me because I'm not a blower. Why, at Portsmouth a minister, hearing I was a churchman, drove in fifteen miles to see me, and have a pipe and a glass, and at Athlone a fine old priest came a long way to have a talk with me.

Mr. Fox—Had a fine reception in Ireland, I suppose?  
Kilrain—Oh, yes. Why, at Athlone the whole city turned out, and they wanted to hire the public hall to give me a reception. At Middletown and Kilderry I was presented with bouquets, and at Cork the Mayor, Mr. Francis McCarthy, gave me a special invitation to his mansion. I went to Blarney too.

Mitchell—Kiss the stone, Jake?  
Kilrain—Not me. I'm a bit too heavy.

Mr. Atkinson—You've always led a hardy life, Jake?  
Kilrain—Yes; I used to be a roller in a rolling mill. Then I took to boat pulling, and won the junior championship of America when I was twenty-one. Then I took to pugilism, and I'm going through with the game, you bet.

Mr. Fox—They all want to challenge you when you return to America.  
Kilrain—Wait till I arrive. You'll see how much their challenges will amount to.

Mr. Fox—But what will you do if they challenge?  
Kilrain—Do? Why fight them. What do you think? Do you think I am going to give up the belt without a fight? And I shan't lose easily.

Mr. Fox—Well, I'm glad to hear you say so. The diamond belt was the first ever made in America. Demp-

sey holds the "Police Gazette" middle-weight belt, you know.

Kilrain—Well, he deserves it. He's proved himself a good man.

Mr. Fox—You hear that Conley, the Ithaca giant, wants to fight Smith. There's his portrait (showing *Police Gazette*).

Kilrain—He looks a bit dangerous; but if he meets Jem Smith, Smith will beat him. Conley's never met a good man yet.

Mr. Fox—Well, you couldn't beat Jem.

Kilrain—I say nothing about that. Jem Smith's a game 'un, I can tell you. He's a nasty belly punch but he didn't get it on me. I tell you when I gave him that punch in the ear, and saw him go up in the air and down, I said to myself, "Hallo, I'm the blooming champion!"

Mr. Fox—But you threw him many times.  
Kilrain—Yes, but the ground, what with the long grass and the rains, was like a feather bed. He threw me once or twice, but I couldn't feel it a bit. By the way, Mr. Fox, weren't you surprised at Sullivan's show with Charlie?

Mr. Fox—No; I thought Sullivan would show the white feather. I knew he'd never stand being hurt. I'd rather \$10,000, Jake, than you'd lick him.

Kilrain—When he came over here blowing I'd my match on with Smith, you see. I should like to have had a go at him.

Mr. Fox—Well, you're the champion of America. Let them challenge you. I'm your backer, remember.

Kilrain—All right. You back me till I lose; you wait till you see me licked.

Mr. Fox—Well, Jake, if you maintain the title in America, I'll build you a new house—not exceeding £1,000.

Kilrain—You may as well lay in the foundations at once; it's as good as done.

The presentation canes were then shown, Kilrain remarking, "Upon my word, Mr. Fox, they're very handsome."

The interview between the champion and his backer having proved so satisfactory, modest quenchers of the "sparkling," and the Richard K. Fox "smokes" were handed round, and the meeting became of a free-and-easy character.

Kilrain then gave his experiences of the old country. He had been told that boxing was dead in this country, but was astounded at the deep-rooted popularity of pugilism. He had been racing a bit, and was astounded at the extent of the wagering. "If any one in New York," said he, "wagered \$5,000, they would make two columns of it in the papers; but here they wagered tens of thousands of dollars as if it were nothing. There are some smart men in the United Kingdom; none better. They'd buy and sell a German for a pig at a fair. He had never seen anything like the racing rings in England. They were simply paralyzing. The people went crazy over racing. Why, Jack Smith nearly pulled his trousers off. They had backed a horse. He was standing on a form when, as the horse was winning, Jem, who was standing behind, caught hold of his breeches, and in his excitement nearly pulled them off. He couldn't say a word against anybody over here; all had treated him splendidly. There was no city in the world like London." Jake then expressed his indebtedness to Charley Rowell, his trainer. "He's as good a fellow as ever breathed. He never left me day or night, and I'd lose my right hand to serve him. I tell you," said he, turning to the company, "I'm right pleased with the old country, and I intend coming back next fall to stay a time."

Mr. Fox—Then you are satisfied that you had a fair fight, Jake—quite satisfied with Mr. Atkinson as referee?

Kilrain—I'm quite satisfied with you, Mr. Atkinson. It was a fair fight.

Mr. Fox—And you've made a little money, Jake?  
Kilrain—A little; but, to tell you the truth, I think more of getting back to my wife than all the money. I've been away ten months, you see.

Mr. Atkinson—They won't know you when you go back.  
Kilrain—I don't think they will. By the way, I visited Belfast during my Irish tour.

Mr. Fox—That's my native town.  
Kilrain—Yes; you are pretty well known there, and every one speaks highly of you. I subscribed to a memento they were getting up for Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion, and a gentleman told me he had the right arm of the famous "Buffing Dan" preserved in alcohol.

The meeting then terminated, and the champion of the world and his backer drove off in a hansom to Morley's Hotel.

In concluding our report of this memorable interview, we feel that we cannot do better than reprint some stirring verses from a very old copy of *Bell's Life*, anent Jake's famous countryman, Sir Daniel Donnelly, shortly after his victory over Jack Randall, the English champion. They are redolent of the fine pugilistic spirit which prevailed in England in those days, and will recall thrilling reminiscences of the P. R. to many of our older readers:

Ye pugilists of England,  
Who guard your native sod,  
Whose pluck has braved a thousand years,  
Cross-buttock, blow and blood;  
Your corky canvas sport again,  
To mill another foe,  
As you spring, round the ring,  
While the bettors noisy grow;  
While the banging rages loud and long,  
And the bettors noisy grow.

A Briton needs no poniards,  
No bravos' long his street,  
His trust is in a strong-roped ring,  
A square of twenty feet,  
With one-two from his horny fists  
He floors the coves below,  
As they crash on the grass,  
While the bettors noisy grow;  
While the banging rages loud and long,  
And the bettors noisy grow.

The spirits of prime pugilists  
Shall rise at every round;  
For the ring is their field of fame,  
To them 'tis holy ground,  
Where slack and mighty Belcher fell  
Your manly hearts shall glow;  
As you peel, true as steel,  
While the bettors noisy grow;  
While the banging rages loud and long,  
And the bettors noisy grow.

The Randall fall of England  
Must yet terrific burn,  
Till Ireland's troublesome knight be beat,  
And the star of Crib return!  
Till then, ye glutton-pugilists,  
The claret red shall flow,  
To the fame of your name,  
When the noise of bells is low,  
When "Sir Dan" lies loud and long,  
And the noise of bells is low.

#### THE CANOE UPSET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The summer colony at Bar Harbor, Me., numbering many thousands, was started on Sunday by the news that Miss Annie Milliken, the only child of John Milliken, of New Orleans, one of the wealthiest cotton planters in the South, and J. Howard Reed, a rich and prominent young society man of Albany, had been drowned the night previous by the upsetting of a canoe in Frenchman's Bay. Both Miss Milliken and Mr. Reed were guests at the St. Sauveur Hotel, one of the fashionable houses. The former was under the care of Mrs. A. W. Van Voorhis, of New York, a young and pretty widow, well known in fashionable circles. The night was very dark and a strong breeze was blowing from the northwest.

Mr. Reed told one or two of his friends of his intention to go out with the canoe, and they opposed it and advised Miss Milliken not to go. He assured her that there was no danger. They started at 8:30 from Connor's wharf, after being refused a canoe at Pendleton's wharf on account of the risk. At midnight, neither having returned, and one or two ladies having told Mrs. Van Voorhis where Miss Milliken had gone, an alarm was given. Boats went out to the nearest islands and lanterns were waved. At four o'clock steam launches put off and searched the various islands and the rocky shores, but no trace could be found, and at 11:30 a little schooner coming in from the Atlantic found the canoe bottom up off Egg Rock lighthouse, four miles down the bay, where it opens into the ocean.

#### IT WAS ONLY A DOG.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Since her husband's death several years ago, Mrs. Mary A. Bell, the daughter of the late Dr. Lawrence, has had but one being left to her on which to lavish her affections, and this one she laid tenderly away in Woodlawn Cemetery yesterday. For some time past Mrs. Bell, who is a gray-haired woman of sixty, has kept a boarding house at 62 West Thirty-eighth street, New York. Her spare time was usually spent with a Scotch terrier, sixteen years old, which she had raised from a pup. "Cozy Bell" was the dog's name, and her mistress thought nothing was too good for her. Cozy had been showing her age of late, and on Saturday the feeble canine died in Mrs. Bell's arms. Cozy's body was embalmed and enclosed in a metal casket costing \$150. The interment took place in a plot costing \$200.

#### A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

At Mount Tabor camp-meeting, near Summit, N. J., the servant in G. D. McCaskie's family used kerosene oil a few mornings ago in lighting a fire to prepare breakfast. The oil exploded and set fire to the house while the girl was away for a scuttle of coal. When the alarm was given Mrs. McCaskie and her five children were in bed, Mr. McCaskie being away in New York.

The mother promptly sprang out and proceeded to carry the children from the blazing edifice. She got three of them away in safety, but the other two were hemmed in by the flames before she could reach them. She frantically persisted until her face was scorched and her hair burned from her head in the futile attempt. The lost little ones were aged four and two years respectively.

#### BULLETS END A COURTSHIP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

George Bradley, a young man living in Plainville, Conn., shot his sweetheart, Lillie Porter, on Saturday afternoon, and then himself. Bradley called upon the young lady and after a short time they got into a lover's quarrel, which resulted in Bradley's becoming so angry that he pulled a revolver and committed the deed. The girl is seriously but not fatally wounded, while Bradley will probably die.

#### FORTUNE'S FAVORITES.

The reporter met Mr. Frank McKeon, one of the firm of McKeon & Menken, who own and operate a coffee saloon and restaurant. Mr. McKeon stated to the reporter that it was a fact that he and Mr. Beyle held one-twentieth of ticket No. 53,409 which drew the second capital prize of \$100,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. He said that they had purchased the ticket about one week before the drawing and had invested often before. "The prize came in good time," he said, "as I needed the money badly, as you know I have had plenty of bad luck. You remember that we were burned out last fall. After the fire we had another misfortune, and that was losing \$300 in the recent bank failure. I had almost given up, but hearing of the old adage, 'that the darkest hours were just before day,' I felt the truth of it keenly when I saw by the official list of drawing that our ticket won a valuable prize."

After congratulating Mr. McKeon the reporter went to see Mr. J. J. Beyle. He found Mr. Beyle to be a bookkeeper at a very popular house in this city. The reporter asked was it true that he had been the lucky winner of a valuable prize. He said: "Fortunately, it is true. I have no idea what I will do with the money. I will use it to the best advantage possible."

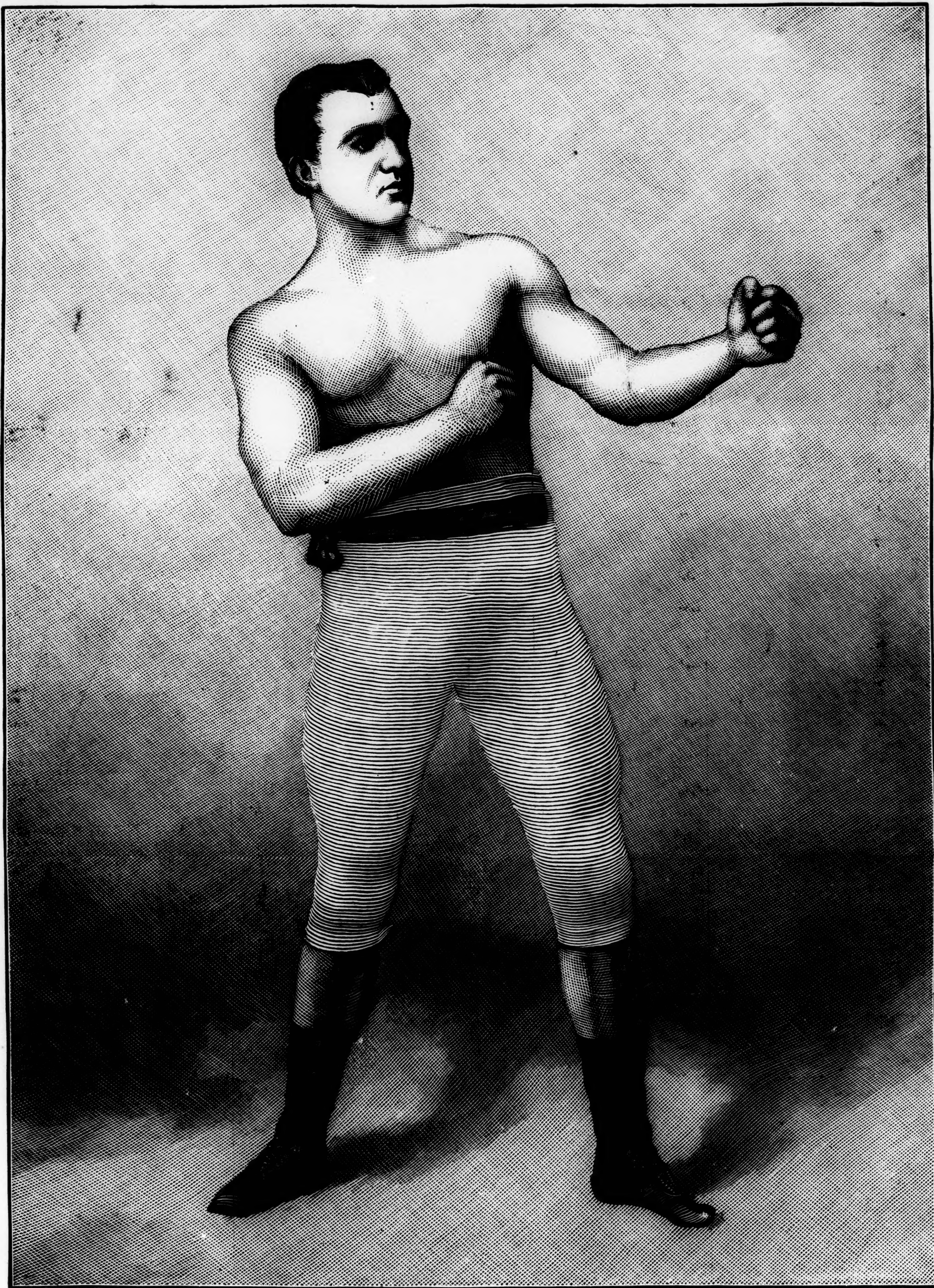
A reporter was sent to the office of Mr. Lyman H. Faith, a prominent attorney, another of the fortunate winners, and found the gentleman there with hands and head full of work. The reporter stated to him that he was told that he had won a \$5,000 prize at the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Mr. Faith laughed, and said: "The fact is that I was only the attorney of the parties that won the prize, and as the attorney I collected the amount of the prize and as attorney received my fee. Oh, yes, the money is collected and safe in bank, and, if you desire it, I will show you the bank book with the entry, but I will not tell you who the party or parties are, as they do not wish their names known."

It is a very unusual thing to employ an attorney to collect prizes from the Louisiana State Lottery, as the company delights in paying all prizes without rebate or discount. In this particular case, however, the parties were willing, for the sake of secrecy, to fee an attorney in the matter, for they knew that professional etiquette would prevent his divulging the name of his client. The First National Bank of Mobile collected the prize for Mr. Faith and the Southern Express Company that of Messrs. McKeon and Beyle.—*Mobile (Ala.) Register*, July 15.

#### THE BEST SELLING PAPER IN AMERICA.

Storekeepers in towns where there are no news agents and where the *POLICE GAZETTE* is not sold will find it to their interest to send to this office for sample copies and terms. The *POLICE GAZETTE* is the best selling illustrated paper in America.

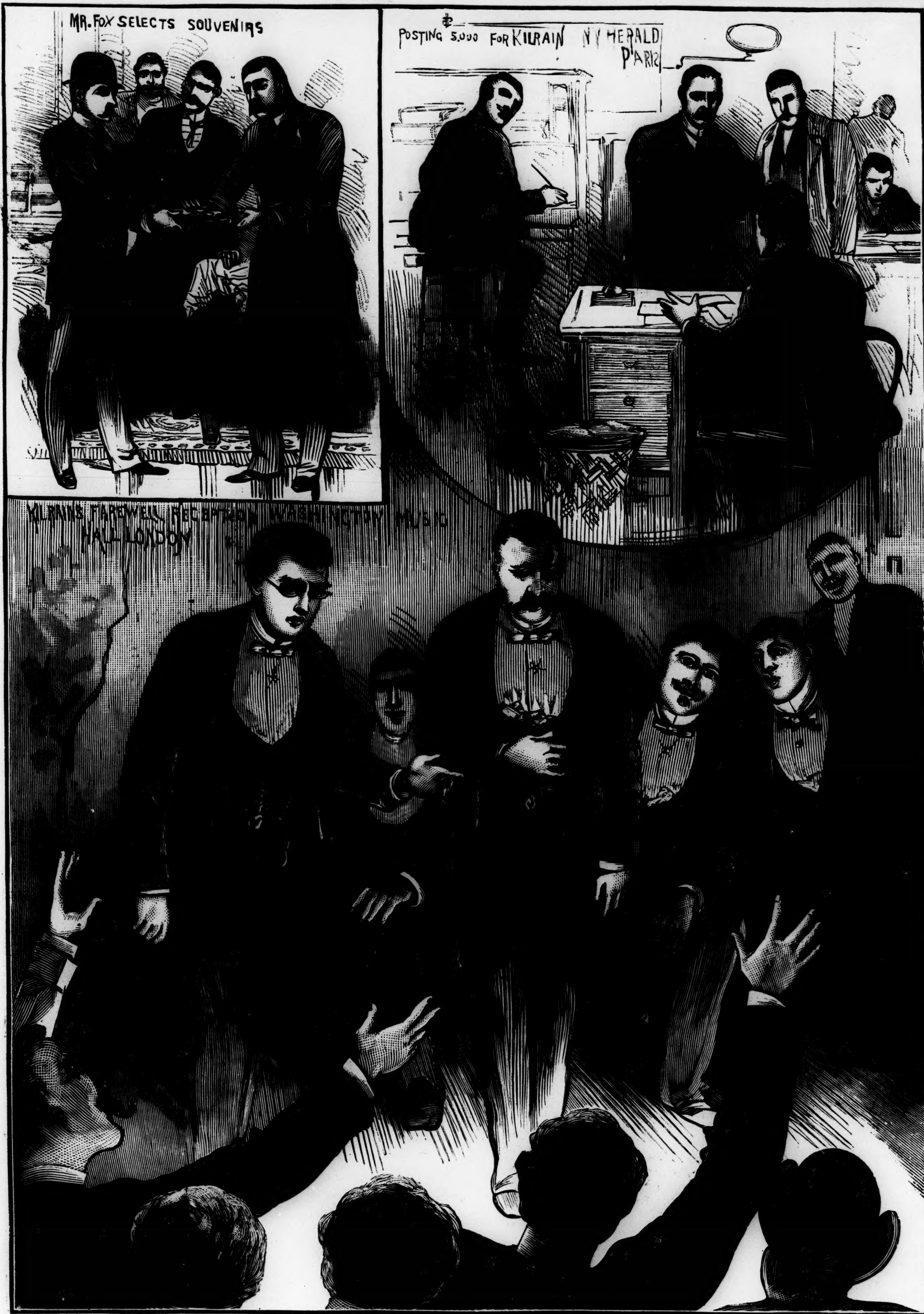




CHARLEY MITCHELL,

THE BRITISH BOXING CHAMPION, WHO LOWERED THE COLORS OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN, THE BOSTON BOY, AND MADE HIM TAKE A BACK SEAT IN PUGILISM.





JAKE KILRAIN HONORED.

GRAND FAREWELL TESTIMONIAL IN LONDON TO AMERICA'S CHAMPION, AND OTHER INCIDENTS COMMEMORATIVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM GREAT BRITAIN TO THIS COUNTRY.



## PUGILISTIC.

La Blanche, the Marine, Knocks Out  
Varley, the English Middle-  
Weight.

## THE POLICE TAKE A HAND IN.

Jack Dempsey, the champion middle-weight, is doing a thriving and flourishing business at his sporting saloon, 203 and 204 Front street, this city.

When you dance you have to pay the fiddler. John L. Sullivan was brought into the Police Court at Brighton, Mass., on Aug. 15, for being drunk and disorderly. He was fined \$5 and costs.

When John L. Sullivan learned to-day that Richard K. Fox had deposited \$5,000 with the *Herald* for a match with him or any one else, against his champion, Jake Kilrain, he must have felt like the small end of nothing whittled down to a fine point.—N. Y. Sun, Aug. 14.

Billy Madden has written a letter to Joe McAuliffe, the big Californian, in response to the latter's query as to the terms Billy would give him to come East and travel under his management. If they strike a bargain, McAuliffe can depend on having a pretty cunning man back of him, and Madden will have an attraction able to earn him plenty of shekels. It looks as though such a partnership or agreement as McAuliffe proposes would be a good thing for both men.

Australian boxers and pugilists appear to be invading San Francisco in force. Recently, Peter Jackson, the champion of Australia, arrived there, and Tom Meadows, the light-weight champion of New South Wales, followed, and the latest arrival is George Gregson, of Auckland, a middle-weight who has won several battles in Australia. Gregson is anxious to fight Sam Fitzpatrick to a finish, if one of the local athletic clubs can be induced to offer a suitable trophy. Gregson, who fights at 145 pounds, has defeated Harry Ward and Larry Sullivan in New Zealand.

George McGuire, the "Spider," and Jack Kelly, the "Rat," fought according to "Police Gazette" rules in this city on Aug. 15. Swipes the Newboy was referee. After fighting three rounds, in which McGuire got the worst of it, a cry of "Police!" was raised, and the pugilists and the twenty on-lookers scaled a fence in the yard and made their escape. They met subsequently and arranged for the fight to be continued, and while arguing the point Detective Richard J. Mulcahy made his appearance, and arrested McGuire after an exciting chase. Justice Duffy sent McGuire to the Workhouse for one month.

Jim Pendergast and T. S. Galvin fought on Aug. 5, at New Orleans, for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules, Galvin weighing 160 pounds and Pendergast 170. Both were fine specimens of manhood. Bill Riley and Pat McGinty handled Galvin, while John Gogan and Tom Flynn looked after Pendergast. After a considerable delay in selecting a referee the battle began, Mike McGowan officiating his services. When time was called both shook hands and went at it in earnest. After the first 8 rounds a rain storm came up, but the men still continued their desperate work, but those who stood at the ring side were convinced in the early part of the battle that Galvin's superior science and tactics puzzled his opponent. Both were terribly punished. In the 47th round Pendergast fouled Galvin, but the referee would not allow it. This excited the Galvin faction and a general fight took place. Amid the disturbance the referee decided the battle a draw. The fight lasted 1 hour 8 minutes.

The long looked for fistie encounter between George La Blanche, the Marine, and Jack Varley, the well-known English middle weight, was decided on August 18 at a quiet and sequestered spot in New Jersey. The match came about in this way: Carroll, a well-known middle-weight, had announced his willingness to meet George La Blanche, but when Warren Lewis was ready to put up a forfeit and match La Blanche against Carroll the latter backed down. Jack Varley in the meantime had arrived in this country, and, like all English boxers, he brought with him a first-class certificate, but it lacked an endorsement. Varley put himself under the care of Harry Webb and Joe Wooley, and they agreed to match him against either Carroll or La Blanche. Arrangements were made for Varley and Carroll to box a limited number of rounds, but Varley's backer, Harry Webb, in the meantime had an idea that his champion could gain more fame and reputation by meeting La Blanche, and decided to break off the arrangements made with Carroll and match Varley against La Blanche. Negotiations were made, and the match ratified for the men to box with "large gloves," according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500, neither to exceed 160 pounds in weight 12 hours before the time set for the contest. On August 17 both men weighed, and neither weighed over 167 pounds. It was at first arranged that the fight should take place in a little room not five miles from the City Hall. Not less than 100 men were gathered in it at nine o'clock Friday night. The Marine was one of the first to arrive. It was 10 1/2 p. m. when Varley and eleven of his friends arrived. His backer, Wooley, who is an English sport, objected to the number of people present. Nothing would move him, and after two hours of whispered consultation and pleading it was announced that the fight was off for the night. Those on the inside, however, were told that a tug would be hired to convey the party to a point up the Hudson where the mill would surely come off. The favored ones went to the dock indicated and embarked with Varley and his friends. An hour later La Blanche and his party were picked up at another dock. Among the voyagers were Judge Newton, of Cones Island; Gabe Caldwell, starter at Brighton Beach, and Mayor Wheeler, one of the Judges; E. H. Garrison, the famous jockey, who declared he had taken off five pounds in the two hours he was perspiring in the hall; Jim Keenan, of Boston, who was John L. Sullivan's first backer, and is now behind the Belfast Spider, and Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil. Joe Wooley was not in the party, and it was reported that Varley would not fight unless he was present. But the referee said he must fight or forfeit. Varley decided to fight. It was just daybreak when the tug reached the chosen spot, not far from Yonkers. The tug's towing cable was utilized to form a ring 24 feet by 20, in a dancing pavilion on the grounds. Varley was the first of the principals to leave the boat, but the Marine was the first man to enter the ring. Varley's toilet was made in the open air. He chafed his attendants constantly. "Come, hurry up," said he, "let's get at it. O! wish the bleeding fight was over." Varley wore white knee breeches and a white belt, black socks, and white canvas shoes with rubber soles. His seconds were Charley Norton and Jim Dawson, and his timekeeper was Harry Webb. The Marine dressed on board the boat. He wore dark-blue worsted full-length tights and leather shoes with rubber soles. He was without a belt. His attendants were Jack Fallon and Frank Moran, and Warren Lewis held his clock. Varley won the toss for choice of corners, and took one which made La Blanche face the rising sun. The latter is 30 years old, stands 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighed 156 pounds. La Blanche had not shaved off his moustache. Varley's age is 21 years. He stands 5 feet 8 inches and weighed 164 1/2 pounds. P. J. Donohue had been agreed upon as referee. Queensbury rules governed the contest, which was for a stake of \$500 a side. Large gloves were worn that the law should not be violated. When the men were ordered to shake hands they did so heartily, Varley exclaiming at the same time, "May the best man win!" An offer of \$50 on La Blanche was not taken. Varley's superior height made him appear to be much the heavier man. Both men were in the condition. When time was called the fight proceeded as follows:

ROUND 1.—After only 3 or 4 rounds of sparring, La Blanche made a run at the Englishman and dealt him a severe blow on the breast. Varley was staggered and half fell against the ropes. The Marine followed up that lead by smashes with right and left in succession on Varley's neck. Varley now hit out with his left toward La Blanche's face, but George's hands were in the way and the English fist did not reach its destination. La Blanche

continued to lead, and landed on his opponent's face twice before the end of the round. One of the blows was full on Varley's nose. The blood fountained out and the point was scored in the Marine's favor. Varley made several efforts to get home on La Blanche's face, but they were very weak.

2.—Varley opened the proceedings this time with his left toward La Blanche's face, but was stopped. Then La Blanche rushed at him and planted his right on the other's left eye. The optic promptly hung out a sign of mourning. The Marine made another rush and was met by Varley's left on the side of his right eye, and the skin opened on the spot. La Blanche now pitched into his antagonist with a fierce will. He plumped Varley on both eyes and on the right arm, the latter wound causing another flow of blood. After that the ex-sea soldier let go his right at perfectly measured range, caught Varley directly under the heart and sent him sprawling on his side. The Englishman got up within the prescribed 10 seconds, but he was very groggy. La Blanche rushed at him again and once more hammered him viciously. Varley tried to return the fire, but it was plain that his strength and wind were almost gone. His blows were powerless. Time was called as Varley lay against the ropes, where he had been sent by a right-hander on the stomach.

3.—Varley wandered toward the centre of the ring and La Blanche started in to finish him. With left and right George pounded the unfortunate Englishman's face and breast until he could stand no more. Varley's head was knocked all out of gear and his face was terribly cut and bruised. Suddenly he dropped his hands and turned for his corner. La Blanche sprang at him again and banged him twice on the head. There was no more life in Varley. He dropped in his chair and gave up.

The Englishman had both eyes black and blue, and there was a cut in his left eyelid. There was a gash on his forehead, and his nose was as large as a good-sized cucumber. His lips were swollen, he had a bruise on his left cheek, and three cuts appeared on his breast. The Marine's only marks were the cut over the right eye, inflicted in the second round, and two slight cuts on his breast. The men shook hands warmly, and all hands at once made their way back to the tug. The tug swung off from the dock, and had proceeded less than a mile down the river when the police boat Patrol was seen making her way toward the Myers. "We are all going to get pinched," exclaimed an anxious sport, and he was perfectly right. The captain of the Myers was ordered to keep close in to the Jersey shore, and he did, but that made no difference to Police Captain Smith.

The Patrol ran over to the tug and tooted her whistle three or four times, which was as much as to say: "Hold on, there, I want to have a look at you." The Myers slowed down, and the Patrol ran out a gang plank to her deck. Captain Smith boarded the Myers and made a personal examination of the vessel. He made no remark until he looked into the cabin. In there he saw poor Varley snugly stowed away on the lounge and taking a much-needed rest. The pugilist was called out, and when Captain Smith caught a view of his bunged-up face he couldn't help exclaiming: "Well, well! It was a shame to treat you like that!" Several of the boys resorted to subterfuges to escape the vigilant captain, and pretended they were employees on the boat. The genial Costello leaned over the wheel and looked at the crowd, as if he had never seen a man in it before. The scheme was unsuccessful, though, and Costello and Hopper had to go aboard the Patrol, to the intense delight of their companions. Captain Smith heard that Jack Dempsey was on the tug, and sent a messenger for him. Some one induced Denny Costigan to personate the Nonpareil, but Captain Smith was not to be fooled so readily. A search was begun, but it was unsuccessful, until Captain Smith saw an athletic young man in the stoke hole. His hands and face were black and grimy, but his nobby French flannel shirt, his gold watch chain, and his trousers of the latest cut and finest texture surprised Captain Smith.

"How long have you been firing on this boat?" he inquired. "Oh, about six months," was the athletic young man's reply, as he picked up a handful of cotton waste and began to rub a rusty place on the boiler.

"What's her name?" was the next inquiry. "The er—ah, let me see, what d'ye call her?" drawled Dempsey.

"That will do for you," said the captain; "come up here and get a little fresh air."

Accordingly when the Patrol reached her pier word was sent to the Church street station, and re-enforcements came from there to bring the party to the Tombs. When the extra force arrived 108 sports were marched in pairs to the Tombs, where they were packed like sardines in the pen. Among the crowd were Alf Powers, Denny Costigan, Jack Fallon, the Brooklyn strong boy; Smiling Johnny Kelly, a well-known bookmaker at Monmouth Park; Judge R. V. B. Newton, of Gravesend; Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe, Starter Phillips of the Yonkers track; Geo. W. Wood, the minstrel; Billy Madden, Abe Cokeland, Michael Costello, James Keenan, Sullivan's old backer; Frank Stevenson and Starter Caldwell, of the Brighton Beach track. The heat became most oppressive, and the men in the partitioned pen suffered greatly. Some of the sports went to sleep, while others cracked jokes. The appearance of each new arrival was the signal for a ripple of laughter.

"It's a pretty how do you do," said one fellow, "if a party of gentlemen can't go up the Hudson on an excursion. It was no fault of ours if two of the party fell out and tried to settle their differences." The remark was received with a loud laugh and the wit sank back into his corner.

"What's the use of waiting here?" said Judge Newton, who was anxious to get back to Gravesend.

"Why, you've got to wait until Captain Smith arrives," replied Lawyer Moss, who was present to look after the interests of La Blanche and Varley.

The Judge grinned when he said: "The Captain won't be here. He's gone out to have a bottle with Smiling Johnny Kelly, and Johnny will do him up so that he won't be able to get here."

Nevertheless the Captain "did get here," and on his arrival the prisoners were lined up within the rail so as to pass in review before the clerk and give their pedigrees. This took a great deal of time, and the boiled shirt fraternity were wild for something cooling to drink. After one of them had bewailed the lack of iced tea one of the flannel-shirted crowd cried out:

"You're to be satisfied with what you've got. Aren't you in the cooler?" The remark caused every one to laugh, and even the policemen joined in. When at last the order was given to bring Varley before the bar of justice the excitement became intense. He strutted out in an independent fashion, and stood alongside of Lawyer Moss while his pedigree was being taken. His face was even worse than when he was first brought in. The blood had congealed about the eyes, and a cut on his upper lip showed the need of a surgeon's needle. He said he was an Englishman, 29 years of age, and a blacksmith by trade. When La Blanche was brought out the crowd made another effort to rush forward, but were restrained by the police. La Blanche was all smiles, and he gazed good naturedly about him. He said he was a bartender, 31 years of age, and resided at 98 McDougal street.

"Nothing can be proved against these men," said Lawyer Moss to a reporter. "They were returning to the city quietly, and I think they will be discharged."

"What's the penalty for this offence?"

"They are charged with leaving the State to engage in a prize fight. The penalty is one year in prison and \$250 fine."

Captain Smith gave his evidence while the pedigrees of the prisoners were being taken.

"I received a tip," he said, "and started up the North River early this morning to catch them. I met the tug returning to the city at a point near Fort Washington. I went alongside and arrested every one I could find."

"Were La Blanche and Varley fighting at the time?" queried the clerk, thoughtlessly.

"Why, no; the fight was all over; but I found their bags, containing their costumes, and Varley's face is evidence enough that a fight took place. I had no difficulty in arresting the spectators, aside from the cock-and-bull stories told me by some of them, particularly Jack Dempsey. I was doubtful about his identity until I brought him on deck, but the loud shout that then went up satisfied me that I had my man. To make sure I asked him the name of the tug, and he couldn't give it."

Lawyer Moss asked the captain if he could swear that the men went out of this State to engage in a fight. Capt. Smith said he couldn't. Justice Power then ordered all of the crowd discharged, with the exception of the principals, whom he held in \$500 bail each for trial at Special Sessions. There was an immediate stampede of sports from the court room, and several friends of the fighters began to skirmish for bail.

## SPORTING.

Some Inside Facts Regarding  
the Gleason and  
Dempsey Fight.

## INTERNATIONAL SWIMMING MATCH

The New York Herald, Aug. 20, announces that Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Fox have left for Geneva.

Peter Golden won the six-day (four hours a day) go-as-you-please race at Saratoga, N. Y., which ended August 12. Score: Golden, 182 miles; Engledrum, 180; Taylor, 171; Bennett, 165; Hegelman, 138; Jones, 127; Guerrero, 76.

James Keenan, of Boston, the well-known sporting man, called at this office on Aug. 16. Keenan said he lost heavily on Teemer and Ham's defeat by Gaudaur and Conley, but that Teemer will win all his losses back for him.

It is with regret that we are compelled to chronicle that on Aug. 15, at Toronto, Ont., Edward Hanlan, Jr., the young son of the oarsman, Edward Hanlan, set fire to his clothing while playing with matches, and was burned to death.

Estrella, Los Angeles and Grisette, belonging to Lucky Baldwin's Santa Anita stables, won three races at Saratoga, N. Y., on Aug. 16. On the same day Malaria, also owned by the California millionaire, ran second at Monmouth Park. It was a lucky day for Baldwin.

It is the opinion of sporting men in Sydney, Australia, that Hanlan will defeat Peter Kemp in the coming race. Many believe Hanlan did not row in his true form when Kemp defeated him. It is expected that Hanlan will defeat Kemp and return to America champion of the world.

The Springfield Typographical Union, No. 216, will hold their first annual games at Hampden Park, Springfield, Mass., on Labor Day, September 3. The events comprise: 135-yard handicap, 1-mile race, one-half-mile race, hop, step and jump; running long jump and three-legged race. Entries close August 27, 1888.

Prof. Tom Reilly, of East Boston, claimant of the American long-distance swimming championship, wishes to enter the race between W. B. Johnson, the English swimmer, and Prof. D. Levy, of Pittsburgh, each man posting \$500 for a sweepstake, the match to take place in Boston Harbor instead of at Coney Island or Long Branch.

The second annual regatta given by Philip J. Tomlin, proprietor of the Riverside Hotel, at Guttenburg, will take place on Saturday, Aug. 25. The events will be single shell, pair-oared gigs and four-oared barges. The distance is two miles with a turn. Handsome gold medals will be presented to the individual winners in each event.

Beating a record at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, this city, August 12, W. J. M. Barry, of the Cork (Ireland) Athletic Club, threw the sixteen-pound hammer 129 feet 3 1/2 inches, thus beating the world record of 122 feet 6 1/2 inches, held by himself. Great enthusiasm was manifested over the feat. The throw was made from a seven-foot circle.

A special to the "Evening Sun" from Omaha, Neb., Aug. 17, says: "Articles were signed last night for a six-round contest, revised 'Police Gazette' rules, between James Lindsey and W. G. Cranson for the Richard K. Fox middle-weight championship medal. Lindsey at present is in the possession of the trophy. The fight will come off the evening of Sept. 3 at South Omaha."

The race for the great International Breeders' Foul stake at Kempton Park, England, on Aug. 16, resulted in a dead heat for first place between Prince Soltykoff's bay colt Sheen and Lord Roslyn's bay colt Gratton. Lord Bradford's bay colt Chillingham was third. There were seven starters. The betting was 6 to 5 against Sheen, 5 to 1 against Gratton, and 9 to 2 against Chillingham. The stakes were divided.

James L. Kernan, proprietor of Kernan's Monumental theatre, Baltimore, met with a serious accident while driving in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, last Saturday. His horse ran away, smashed the carriage to pieces, and Kernan was thrown into the roadway and his leg broken in three places near the ankle. He is confined at the Mansion House, in the park. Thursday previous, while out driving with his two children, the same horse kicked over the dashboard, striking one of the children in the face, fracturing his cheek bone.

John L. Sullivan's benefit at Nantasket Beach Aug. 18 was a failure as far as the attendance is concerned. Only 300 persons were present. Sullivan boxed with Joe Lannon. The N. Y. Sun, August 20, says: "On the whole the affair was a flat failure, and from a financial point of view the result must certainly be the reverse of flattering. After last night's fiasco Sullivan will probably realize the fact, which has been apparent to everyone else since his return, that he is no longer a drawing card, and that he will have to demonstrate that he is still a world beater before he can regain his old prestige."

At Staten Island, N. Y., on Labor Day, there will be a regatta for eight-oared shells for the Staten Island Athletic Club challenge cup, etc., open to all amateur rowing clubs in the United States and Canada. Distance, one mile straight-away. Entrance fee, \$20 per crew, returnable to all who start. The following crews are expected to start: Dauntless B. C., New York; Metropolitan R. C., New York; Union B. C., New York; Albany B. C., Albany; Mutual B. C., Albany; Potomac B. C., Washington; Fairmont R. C., Philadelphia; A. C. of Schuylkill Navy, Philadelphia; Alcyone B. C., Elizabethport; Staten Island A. C., Staten Island.

At the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, on Aug. 15, Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist, was tendered a farewell benefit. The popular music hall was packed to overflowing and every prominent sporting man in London was present. George W. Moore, better known as Pony, made the presentation speeches, and the American champion received numerous costly presents, including diamond rings, lockets, gold headed canes, and other souvenirs. Charley Mitchell, George W. Atkinson and Kilrain were also presented with elegant gold-mounted canes from Richard K. Fox. Kilrain's reception was the most enthusiastic and biggest ever given an American since John C. Heenan's time.

The New York "Herald," Sunday, August 19, publishes the following editorial under the caption, "Sullivan's chance": "The famous Boston champion, Sullivan, having resumed peaceful relations with the Boston police, will be interested in knowing from our cables this morning that Kilrain is coming home to fight him. Mr. Richard K. Fox, Kilrain's able and judicious chancellor, has deposited at the HERALD London office five thousand dollars to make good Kilrain's claim. Five thousand dollars is a good deal of money, and as it cost Sullivan five dollars to release himself from the police the other day, he may, if he wins this five thousand, be rich enough to give the police a year or two of amusement."

Ed McDonald has run into luck. For his services as captain and trainer of the Sing Sing (N. Y.) Athletic Club, he has a controlling interest in the stock. Mac accepted an interest in the stock in preference to a salary of \$150 a month. The gymnasium is the finest outside any big city, is fitted up with a complete assortment of gymnastic apparatus, has a running track, twenty laps to a mile; a portable twenty-four-foot ring, reading room, cafe, shower, tub and Turkish baths, etc. The club is modeled after the famous New York Athletic Club. McDonald is a hustler and ought to make a big thing of it. The first entertainment under his management takes place August 25, and over a score of prominent athletes will appear in exercises, boxing and wrestling matches.

The following special was received at Richard K. Fox's office:

SAN FRANCISCO, AUG. 14. Tom Meadows, the light-weight champion of Australia, and Billy Mahan, the light-weight champion of the Pacific Slope,

have signed articles to fight, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$500 a side and the light-weight championship of the Pacific Coast. The fight is to be decided in this city, between August 20th and 30th, at the Bay City Club. Meadows, since his arrival, defeated Joe Bowers in such an off-hand manner that the talent believe he is more than a match for Myers, McAuliffe, Dacey and Daly, the Eastern light-weight champions, and should he defeat Mahan he will be matched against the best of the light-weights to fight for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and light-weight championship of America.

The following special cable was received from the Sporting Life, London, August 15:

LONDON, August 15, 1888. RICHARD K. FOX, POLICE GAZETTE OFFICE.—Jake Kilrain, the champion pugilist of the world, will sail from Liverpool, Saturday, August 18, on the Etruria, for New York. A delegation of members of the press and prominent sporting men will accompany him to Liverpool. He will receive a grand reception at Liverpool, and preparations are being made to give him a rousing send-off. At Queenstown also, Anthony Sage, of Dublin, and the Albert Club will make the occasion of his departure a memorable one. Mitchell will not accompany the American champion, having been committed for being present at a recent prize fight, but will follow later. Kilrain and Mitchell are to give a farewell benefit at Washington Hall to-night, when the American champion is to receive several costly presents from Richard K. Fox, Geo. W. Moore, Lord De Clifford, Lord Mandeville, Lord Mayo, Sporting Life and the Pelican Club.

Miss Lily Clay, of the well-known and popular Lily Clay Circus and Burlesque Company, frequently by way of pleasure, recreation and profit, attends the races and, like Mrs. Langtry and other ladies who speculate on the turf merely for the excitement, backs the horses with pretty pet names. On Aug. 16 Miss Lily Clay had an idea that she should pick four winners of the races to be run at Brighton Beach, and she made two combinations, selecting Nina W., Lemon Blossom, Trux and Wilfred, all to win. Odds of 100 to 1 were laid, and Miss Clay put up \$10, so that if the four should win she would receive \$1,000 and her money back, while if one of the four failed to win she would lose \$10. She also put the four horses named above in a place combination, to run either first or second. Odds of 50 to 1 were laid, and she invested \$10, her ticket calling for \$510 if the four horses came in first or second. Nina W., Trux, Wilfred and Lemon Blossom ran second. If the horse with the pretty name had run first, also, Lily Clay would have won \$1,500 for her \$20. All the horses she selected ran first or second, so that she won the "place" combination and made \$510 for an investment of \$20. Her good luck will no doubt increase the female turf speculators, who will very probably be trying to pick four winners instead of one hereafter.

John Teemer, the champion oarsman of America and holder of the "Police Gazette" challenge rowing cup, called on Aug. 14, and in conversation Teemer said he was ready to row anybody any distance. He would give Charles Courtney to seconds' start and row for \$1,000. He said in reference to the challenge of William O'Connor, the Canadian oarsman, that the latter does not mean business. Just as soon as Teemer saw O'Connor's challenge he telegraphed to him at Toronto that he would meet him in New York and sign articles with him for a three-mile race for \$1,000 a side. O'Connor didn't answer Teemer's telegram, but instead telegraphed \$100 to a Boston paper, which fact that paper published on Saturday last, with the announcement that Teemer could arrange a match by sending a copy of the articles, with his signature attached, to Toronto. Teemer sent a copy of the articles to Joe Rogers, O'Connor's backer, immediately after the above announcement, but up to the present he has not received any news from O'Connor or his backer, and he thinks now that O'Connor wants to avoid trying conclusions with him. If the race is to come off Teemer wants it either on Onondaga or Chautauque Lake. Teemer aspires to the championship of the world, and says he intends challenging the winner of the Hanlan-Kemp race in Australia next September.

The 10-mile international swimming match between Dennis F. Butler, of Philadelphia, and John W. Robinson, of England, for a purse of \$500 and the championship of America, was decided on Aug. 16 on the Delaware. The course was from Mantua Point to Gloucester, Pa. Butler won by 50 yards, but the referee, James Watson, decided that he did not finish at the right place, and there was a wrangle, both sides claiming a victory. John Robinson was born in Liverpool, Eng., April, 1861, stands 6 feet 9 1/2 inches in height and weighs 150 pounds. His swimming career throughout England and Ireland is a very brilliant one, he having won over 80 races, among them particularly the championship at different distances, for which he holds some handsome trophies, among them being two certificates and medals from the Swimming Association of Great Britain, for competing successfully in the long distance championship of England in 1882 and 1883. He also holds a first-class certificate from the Liverpool Swimming Club for proficiency in long, middle and short distance, fast and scientific swimming. In fancy and scientific swimming he is unsurpassed. Since arriving in this country two years ago Robinson gave several exhibitions of long-distance swimming, and on July 5, 1886, defeated Butler in a 3-mile race at Oak Point for \$500 and the championship of America. Dennis F. Butler is well known in this city, his home, as the champion swimmer of America, and one of the best all-round athletes in the country. Since 1877 he has swum about 25 races of various distances, winning 20 of them, three resulting in draws. He won the championship of America on Aug. 17, 1879, on the Harlem river, when he defeated George Wade and twenty-two others. Among the men whom Butler defeated in different races are Thomas Coyle, Robt. E. Ward, Charles Rice, Larry Blondelle, Geo. Wade, John Thomas, Joe Morrow, George Boyd, Prof. Donaldson, Wm. Johnson, Charles Riley and Geo. Pierson. On Aug. 22, 1885, Butler renewed his title of champion of America by defeating thirteen contestants in a race from the Battery in New York to Coney Island.

The following explains itself:

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 11, 1888. SPORTING EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE.—Sir, I would like to give the facts regarding the Gleason-Dempsey fight, which came off at Fort Snelling on Aug. 2, as I am a lover of fair play and as the reports in our local press do not give little Jack Dempsey his just dues. In the first place, little Jack Dempsey came here and agreed to knock out any two 133-pound men in this city in one night at Theatre Comique. Finally Geo. Phalen and Dominick Barnes agreed to meet him. On the eve of going on Phalen backed out and Barnes went on. Charley Gleason, a middle-weight, was chosen referee, and gave the fight to Barnes, claiming Dempsey fouled Barnes, which was not so; but, on the contrary, Barnes fouled Dempsey, repeatedly grabbing him about the knees and legs and not standing up at all. The decision of Gleason was rank, and every one in the audience said so, and it angered Dempsey at the time, who stepped to the footlights and pacified the audience, telling them that perhaps they (the audience) would have a chance to see him have a go with a good man and a square referee, and he challenged any 133-pound man in America. Gleason asked Dempsey if he would fight a 140-pound man, and Dempsey replied that if Gleason meant himself, he would fight him now. Gleason is a big fellow and can fight at 150 pounds, and is called the Dutch Cyclone. Well, the match was made, and the articles of agreement stated that Gleason should weigh 140 pounds on entering the ring. The stakes were \$500 and thirty tickets at \$10 each, the winner to get 75 and the loser 25 percent. of the ticket money on the day of the fight. Gleason and his backers had a doctored scales, and they would not agree to weigh on other scales. Gleason weighed 145 pounds, and lost the scales by right according to the articles of agreement; but the stakeholder would not do the fair thing, and there was no other resource but for Dempsey to fight. Well, to make a long story short, Dempsey knocked Gleason out in the second round. He was out 19 seconds. In knocking Gleason out Dempsey injured his hands, and in the third round knocked his antagonist out again. Prof. John H. Clark, Gleason's second, rushed in and picked Gleason up, and the timekeepers called time when they had not been fighting one minute, and let Gleason rest for over two minutes. So you see it is palpable that Dempsey won the fight three times. This is gospel truth, and can be proved by every disinterested man that was there. Among those present were: Billy Myers, of Stratford, Ill.; Mr. Kennedy, his backer; Mr. Black, of St. Paul; Bozoga, Mr. Tom Gallagher, Jules Meyer, and a host of other prominent men and square sports.

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. BLAKE.



## REFEREE.

Isn't it About Time for  
John L. to Put Up  
or Shut Up?

## KILLEN'S CHALLENGE TO JAKE.

"Considering the matter published in the New York Herald to-day, John L. Sullivan will have either to put up or shut up," said Jake Shipsey, the popular, well-known bookmaker, to Billy Mahoney.

The latter replied: "I did not read it. What was it, Shipsey?" "Why, Richard K. Fox is in Paris, where he has been putting up \$5,000 with the Herald Bureau, and issuing a challenge to match Jake Kilrain against John L. Sullivan for \$5,000 or \$10,000 a side and the championship of the world."

Mahoney—"It will create quite a stir should Kilrain and Sullivan meet in the prize ring. I should have to back the big fellow, I think. Who would you back?"

Jake Shipsey—"If The Bard was entered to run against a field of selling players, who would you back?"

Mahoney—"Why, The Bard, of course."

Shipsey—"Well, Kilrain is The Bard of pugilists, and his backer knows it."

Billy Connors, the well-known bookmaker, then joined the crowd. He witnessed Kilrain and Smith fight in France, also Sullivan's farce with Charley Mitchell. "What do you think of Richard K. Fox's offer to back Kilrain?" Connors was asked.

"What do I think of it?" he replied. "Why, Kilrain is the greatest pugilist in the world. I, like many others, supposed Sullivan was entitled to that distinction. He might have been, but his day has gone by. If Kilrain and the big fellow fight, it will create a great stir."

Shipsey—"I shall put \$500 on Kilrain."

Mahoney—"I shall back the big fellow."

After the special cable to the N. Y. Herald above referred to was read in Boston, there was quite a breeze among the admirers of Kilrain and Sullivan.

An "Evening World" correspondent called on Sullivan at his residence, found him lying in bed with a bruised and battered face, and all broken up from the effects of his last spree at Brighton, and this is what the World representative says about the interview:

John L. was in bed, but a knock on the door of his sleeping room awoke him, and he asked: "What's wanted?" When told, the big fellow got out of bed and opened the door. Then, taking a small sponge, he dipped it into a glass of vaseline and washed the large bruises on his damaged face with the compound. A copy of Richard K. Fox's letter and challenge was handed him, and after perusing it very carefully he said:

"That don't amount to anything. When they get back to this country they will find no trouble in making a match for any amount."

"Do you think, John, that your backers will do anything towards accepting this challenge?"

"I guess they will, still, I cannot say anything about that until I get a letter from them, and I expect one to-day."

"Who are your backers, John? Are they sporting men?"

"Yes; they are very prominent in New York, but I cannot tell you their names, for they do not want it known that they are backing me."

The reporter tried in vain to learn the names of his backers, but all the big fellow would say was, that the public would know who they were when Fox's party reached this country.

"Will these men back you for \$10,000, John?"

"Yes, and more money," replied the champion; "but I don't propose to fight for that belt of Fox's; it's money I want."

"How about tackling Mitchell when he comes over?"

"Oh," said John, "I am going to leave him for Dempsey, for I know he will get all he wants from Jack."

"Are you getting in fix for Kilrain?"

"I am feeling better and stronger now than I have for a long time, and I can get in condition in a very short time."

At this point John made the voluntary remark that his face pained him and that he had been thrown out of a carriage. His face looked as if it might pain him, for he had two bad-looking bruises, one near his right eye and the other on his nose. After some further remarks of no consequence the World representative departed.

It is my opinion that Sullivan's backers are myths. I do not believe there is any sane person who would risk \$1,000 on his chances of defeating Kilrain, let alone the amount Kilrain offers to fight for—\$10,000. Time will tell.

J. H. McCormick, Macon, Ga., says: "The London Sporting Life's account of the meeting of Richard K. Fox with Charley Mitchell and Jake Kilrain in its office occupied near two columns of its space, and the conversation bears every evidence of having been taken down by a stenographer. No doubt Mitchell read the report in proof before its publication. It may be, therefore, regarded as official. His statement, then made, that 'Dempsey is not really anxious to fight me. It is all talk. I can beat him any day and he knows it,' looks as though it was deliberately made for the purpose of inducing the Nonpareil to challenge him the instant he arrives in this country, if not sooner. Charley is about the cunningest boxer on the list, and not knowing at the time of Sullivan's drinking, evidently assumed that he would be met by a challenge from the big fellow the instant he arrived in New York, and, preferring to pick his man, he thus taunted Dempsey. Jack, nothing loath, will take the job off Sullivan's hands. Mitchell, there is no doubt, will demand that the fight take place in the far West, and the Nonpareil can hardly object. There is no doubt but that Dempsey will demand that it be a fight under London ring rules, and Mitchell will have to acquiesce. One thing is certain, and that is, that a match between Mitchell and Dempsey will create more excitement in general circles than any other fight since the Heenan-Sayers international contest in 1866."

That Sullivan really intends to make what the politicians denominated "the greatest effort of his life," I fully believe. According to his own words, he "is on his uppers," and for a man who has literally wallowed in full and plenty for years, this is a decidedly unpleasant method of pedestrianism. He must be blighted with conceit, indeed, if the logic of the events of the past six months has not knocked the scales from his eyes. He had a well-developed idea that a large majority of the people of the United States were just pining for a chance to pay their dollars and halves and quarters of dollars for the privilege of feasting their eyes with sight of his superb physical proportions, when the truth of it, matter was that whatever public curiosity of the kind had existed had been satiated for two years at least.

The American pugilist is fickle in its love, its admiration, and its curiosity. It will pay fabulous prices for novelty or undoubted merit, but it quickly turns from a chestnut and it has no use for a loser. Ignored Sullivan's latest venture in a manner that has evidently brought John to a realizing sense of the true situation of affairs. How great his vanity was is evident from the fact that he designed that the amusement public would patronize an establishment which had only one 110-foot round-top canvas, one car for its performers, one for its properties and canvasmen, and one for its ten horses, and two flat cars for its paltry equipment of wagons.

It is true that it had several good performers, but it was such a small affair in comparison with the mammoth establishments of Barnum and of Peppercorn that any comparison between them was ridiculous. The day of one-horse circuses

has long since gone by, and with it went the day for single-attraction shows. This seems to have penetrated John's skull, and now, if he gets down to hard work and shows that he means business, I think he will have no great difficulty in getting backing against any man in the world, and especially against Kilrain.

The backer of Jake is willing to put up \$5,000 or \$10,000 for him, and if Sullivan only shows by his conduct that he really means business, there are yet enough believers in his prowess to pit him against Kilrain for as much money as he can raise. See if this prediction is not fulfilled.

I can hardly bring myself to believe that Pat Kilrain's challenge is, as the boys say, "dead on the level." He knows that Kilrain has asserted ever since he fought Jim Smith that he would only battle for the championship according to the rules of the London prize ring, and yet he announces that he will be here on Jake's arrival with plenty of money to back him to demand that Jake shall make a match for the championship according to Queensberry rules. He must know that no championship was ever won under these rules, and why he should demand that an exception be made in his case is what raises the doubt as to the sincerity of his intentions in my mind. Sullivan won the championship of America under London ring rules, and so did Jim Smith the championship of England. Jake Kilrain and Jim Smith fought under the same rules, and so did John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell. If Pat means business why doesn't he aim his challenge at the boss of all Queensberry boxers, John L. Sullivan? I have no doubt that in the depleted state of his treasury John L. would only be too glad to meet him either for a stated number of rounds or to a finish. Queensberry style, and he knows just how much money there would be in such a contest in Minneapolis.

According to a cable I see Larry Donovan, the unfortunate bridge jumper, who lost his life jumping from Hungerford bridge, London, on Tuesday last, was buried on August 14, in the Catholic portion of Brockley cemetery, that city. Richard K. Fox, of the POLICE GAZETTE, in whose employ Donovan worked as a feeder when he jumped from the Brooklyn bridge, paid the funeral expenses. The body was interred in a private grave. George W. Atkinson, of the Sporting Life, looked after the funeral arrangements.

Regarding the international bicycle race in which Ralph Temple defeated Fred Wood in a 440-yard race in 40 2/5 seconds, and a half-mile race in 1 minute 33 2/5 seconds, an esteemed foreign contemporary says: "Never has an important match been more satisfactorily decided, and the sportsmanlike tactics adopted by the men engaged were a notable feature in their proceedings—each doing their level best to win without hampering one another. In both races Temple was first to get on the home straight, but he immediately struck out his course well on the inside, and afforded his rival every opportunity to win. There can be no doubt but the best man carried the day, as in the half-mile race the Chicago lad appeared to hold his opponent entirely at his mercy. Of course Temple did not experience the difficulty of rounding the corners, as was the case in his matches against the English champion, still he was particularly cautious, and rode with excellent judgment. Old heads present were loud in their praise of the Yankee's brilliant spurts along the home stretch, and were not slow in expressing an opinion that Temple at the present was the fastest rider in the world over short distances. Though so decisively beaten, it is a fact beyond dispute that the Leicester representative did not move anything up to form, but, as has always been the case during his nine years' racing career, cold and damp weather take the steam out of Wood. Under more favorable circumstances, however, it would have been a hard task to have altered the result of his engagement with the formidable American."

Freddie Gebhard and Lillie Langtry have met with a great loss by the recent accident on the Erie Railroad, in which race horses, valued at \$100,000, belonging to them were killed. Among the lost were Eole, Eoliet, Minola, Palanca, Certainty, Pauline, Frank, Orphan Boy, and the two-year-old filly Scandinavian, owned by Matt Storms, of California, was killed and also two of Mrs. Langtry's black tandem horses. The only ones saved were St. Saviour and a two-year-old filly.

Matt Storms, owner of Scandinavian, was in the car with his horses, and will probably die of his injuries. Matt Storms was the owner of the horse Grover Cleveland, brought from California in the spring to run for the Brooklyn and Suburban Handicaps. He broke his off fore leg at Monmouth Park, in a race on July 24, and had to be shot. The colt Scandinavian was a two-year-old, by imported Siddartha, out of Zavalla, that Mr. Storms bought from J. B. Haggin a few days ago. He was promising, and Storms expected to run him in California this autumn.

The Gebhard lot were in charge of C. W. Abbey and bound to the Quenoc stock farm near Middletown, Cal., recently purchased by Mr. Gebhard. Abbey was to be superintendent of the establishment, he having been with E. J. Baldwin in a similar position for some years. Of the horses destroyed Eole, Eoliet and Palanca were well known. Eole and Eoliet were brothers, being by Eolus, out of War Song, by War Dance—a strain of blood that would have been highly valuable in California.

Eole was foaled in 1878 and Eoliet in 1880. Both were successful on the turf, winning a number of valuable stakes. Eole also ran in England, where he developed such a temper and became such a rogue that he was practically worthless as a racehorse. He last ran at Jerome Park in October, 1887. Eoliet was taught to jump, but did not prove a success. He also ran his last race at Jerome in 1887. Palanca was foaled in 1878, and was by Lever, out of Florence Wallace, she by Vandal. Palanca was also a jumper. She won twice in 1887, but broke down at the Monmouth Park water jump in July, 1887. Some of the other horses were polo ponies. St. Saviour, the horse reported saved, was also a brother of Eole and Eoliet; he was foaled in 1881 and won several good races.

Crowned with laurels, fame and glory, the Manhattan Athletic Club's team returned from England on the Umbria after an absence of ten weeks, during which time its members won a half dozen championships in the national games at Crewe and the international games in Dublin. The team as it left here was composed of G. A. Avery, T. P. Conneff, H. M. Banks, Jr., and Frederick Westing, who were joined on the other side by Thomas Ray and C. V. S. Clark, English resident members of the club.

From Queenstown Conneff went to Belfast, and won the four-mile Irish championship run. From that time the team's career was a series of victories. The men went into training at the grounds of the London Athletic Club, and soon had themselves in excellent trim. Besides winning his four-mile race, Conneff won the English one-mile and the international one-mile championship races. He also beat Carter in a five-mile match race.

Thomas Ray won the pole-vaulting championship, and Westing carried off the honors in the 100-yard race at Crewe, besides winning at the international races at Dublin at the same distance. Westing's time in the latter race was 10 seconds. Clark, another member of the team, completed the list by winning the seven-mile walk at Crewe. Gold medals were awarded in each event.

Westing has challenged Great Britain for the 100-yard championship of the world, the race to take place on the Manhattan Athletic Club's grounds. Messrs. Ritchie and Woods have accepted the challenge. A similar challenge by Conneff for the mile championship has been accepted by Messrs. Hickman and Leaver. The date of the races has not been set.

The annual fall games of the Manhattan Athletic Club will be held on the M. A. C. grounds on Saturday, Sept. 8, 1888. The events comprise 100-yard run, 350-yard run, 2-mile run, 440-yard novice race, running broad jump, throwing 16-pound hammer, 2-mile walk, 120-yard hurdle race. Entries close Saturday, September 1, 1888.

## OF INTEREST TO STOREKEEPERS.

Storekeepers in towns where there are no news agents and where the POLICE GAZETTE is not sold will find it to their interest to send to this office for sample copies and terms. The POLICE GAZETTE is the best-selling illustrated paper in America.

## WHIP AND SPUR

Proctor Knott Scoops in the  
Junior Champion Stakes  
Easily.

## WOMEN AS RACING SPECULATORS.

The Rockaway Racing Association is as angry as it can be at the action of the Brooklyn Jockey Club in appropriating Aug. 29, 30 and 31 for race days, although the dates were long ago claimed by the Rockaway club. Getting angry, however, will do no good.

At Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 15, the Kentucky stallion Bessemer won the purse for the 2:17 class. After Bessemer had won the first heat there was no betting against him. Lady Hill, an Albany entry, was a new comer on the grand circuit, but she had not enough speed for the favorite, though she won second money after a close finish with Belva Lockwood for the place. This is Bessemer's third consecutive victory in three weeks.

The turf has become a business, and men who have no large knowledge of horses and who cannot devote their time in a large part to the personal management of their stables have no business on the turf. The subject of sport has been subordinated to money-making. Men of shady reputations have horses that they juggle with. In and out running has become the decided feature of racing, and the men who are not in the swim must pay the piper.

Senator George Hearst, of California, is paying a pretty penny for his turf experience. He is said to have a good stable, but somehow his horses don't win. He wagers money and loses it, and a race won by his stable is a very rare thing. W. S. Barnes, the Kentucky whiskey man, has put a large sum of his profits into the Melbourne stable, and others like him are learning that there is plenty of fruit on the race course, but that the great difficulty is to pluck it when ripe.

At Somerville, N. J., on Aug. 16, the East Lynn Farm stakes, for foals of 1886, purse \$250, best two in three, was won by Candidate in 2:22 and 2:53; Jennie Gould second. The purse of \$125, for yearlings, resulted: Frodo, first; Kingland Maid, second. The half-mile heats in the 1:30 and 1:35 class for \$25 was won by Palencia in 2:24 1/2, 2:29 1/2 and 2:30 1/2; Little Gipsy second, Valdivia third. General Ewing outfought Rumor and Chondox in their order in the 2:25 class for purse of \$250. Time, 2:22 1/2, 2:23 1/2 and 2:24 1/2.

Mr. J. B. Haggin, the California millionaire, will have a large forfeit list to pay in the Omnibus. He has, in fact, in every state. His forfeits this year will be close to \$50,000. This is independent of the expenses of the stable, and, rich as he is, Mr. Haggin has felt the necessity for retrenchment. Next year his stable will be small and select. Instead of half a dozen jockeys and as many trainers he will be content with one trainer and two jockeys, and his expenses will be reduced \$75,000 a year. The Californian has had ill luck with his two and three-year-old horses, and were it not for those sterling four-year-old fillies Aurelia and Firenze, there would be few turf triumphs to the credit of the Rancho del Paso stud. If Mr. Haggin has met ill success in the turf business, he has had good fortune in the raising of yearling thoroughbreds for sale. Hereafter the annual sales of the Rancho del Paso yearlings will be one of the features of special interest to turfmen.

The ventures of women on the turf in England has been in many instances a great success, but the scheme does not appear to work in this country. Money, social influence and good horses will not always win races. Mrs. George L. Lorillard has become convinced of this after two years of fruitless seeking after the rich prizes hung up by the various racing associations. She changed her trainers, but matters did not mend. She changed her jockeys, but victory was not won. Reverses came with monotonous regularity. Inferior horses won, but the animals representing the once famous Westrook stable could not lead the flying squadrons. The end has come. All the horses in training that are owned by Mrs. Lorillard will be sold on Saturday next at Monmouth Park. Strideaway, Tourmaline, Remembrance, Seadrift, Ugly Duckling and five yearling fillies by Sensation will be sold. Hereafter Mrs. Lorillard will confine her turf operations to the selling of the yearlings raised on her stock farm. The lady has learned after the loss of some money that ingenuity and smartness of a peculiar order count for something in these days upon the turf. Mr. Astor learned it last year and retired. Congressman Scott was taught the bitter lesson after the loss of \$50,000 or more, and he, too, retired. There are others pausing on the line between discretion and ambition.

At Rochester, N. Y., on Aug. 16, the trotting for the 2:20 class was quite interesting, and four heats were trotted before it was decided. The summary of the 2:20 class is as follows:

Thornless	1	3	1	1
Rarepipe	2	1	2	2
Kit Curlew	3	2	4	3
Spofford	4	5	3	4
Gov. Hill	5	4	5	5

Time, 2:20 1/2, 2:19 1/2, 2:18 1/2, 2:19 1/2.

Lucille's Baby won the \$2,000 purse for the 2:24 class.

Lucille's Baby 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 || Jeremiah | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Zellips | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 |
| Company | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 |

Time, 2:22 1/2, 2:22, 2:23 1/2.

Special race; purse \$3,000.

Prince Wilkes 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 || Rosaline Wilkes | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 |

Time, 2:16, 2:17 1/2, 2:15 1/2.

2:18 class, trotting; purse \$2,000, divided.

Favonia 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 || Charley Hogan | 2 | 2 | 2 | 2 |
| Whitstockings | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 |
| Loretta F | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 |

Time, 2:18, 2:21 1/2, 2:20.

The Junior Champion stakes were run for at Monmouth Park on Aug. 15. About 15,000 persons were present. Scroggan & Bryant's Proctor Knott won easily, running the three-quarters of a mile in 1:14. The stakes were valued at \$21,000. Sporting men from all parts of the country had come on to witness the race, and thousands of dollars were wagered. The Duryers' Oregon was a heavy favorite, while Haggin's and Withers' and Green Morris' Tipstaff were heavily backed. The Betting—2 1/2 to 1 Oregon, even money place; 5 to 1 Fresno, 2 to 1 place; 8 to 1 Reporter, Cyclone colt, Proctor Knott and Lady Margaret; Tipstaff, Salvator and Faverdale colt 12 to 1, 5 to 1 each place; 15 to 1 Diablo, 4 to 1 place; 20 to 1 each Eric, Caliente and Sorrento, 8 to 1 place; 40 to 1 Verdure, 12 to 1 place; 3 to 1 Haggin's stable, Fresno and Salvator, even money place; 5 to 1 Withers' stable, Cyclone and Faverdale colts, 6 to 5 place. After 2 1/2 minutes' delay at the post, and several breakaways, the red flag flashed, and, amid a cry of "They're off!" the entire field, with the exception of Reporter, rushed away in an almost compact bunch, of which Oregon, Tipstaff and Diablo were the most prominent, and Sorrento and Verdure brought up the rear, with Reporter lolling at the post. As the fleet-footed youngsters tore up the backstretch leaving a cloud of dust in their wake, the Faverdale colt showed in front, and the backers of the all-black began to shout. Scarcely had the half-mile been passed, when the blue and orange of the Western wonder was seen threading its way through the field next the rails, and the cry arose: "Look at that fellow with the blinkers. Why, it's Proctor Knott; he'll win in a walk." A moment later and Proctor Knott had run into the lead and was leaving the field at every stride. At this juncture a wild Western yell resounded through the stand and a dozen or more sombreros were propelled heavenward by as many muscular arms. "Where's Oregon, the pride of the East?" anxiously asked somebody. He was beaten hopelessly, and apparently sulking, despite McLaughlin's most determined efforts. The Cyclone colt, too, had stopped shortly after passing the half-mile pole, and thus the hopes of retaining the great prize in the East were shattered. Meanwhile Proctor Knott had continued to draw away at every stride, and coming

along alone won hands down in 1:14. Three lengths away came the Faverdale colt and Fresno, with Fitzpatrick and Garrison riding for dear life. Both their mounts were tired and anxious to stop. Anybody who has ever seen Garrison and Fitzpatrick in a close finish knows what they did on this occasion. It was diamond cut diamond, ding dong, with whip swirling and spurs plunging all through the last 50 yards, and Fitzpatrick finally got Mr. Withers' colt home by a short nose.

## SUMMARY.

The Junior Champion stakes for two year-olds, of \$250 each, half forfeit, with \$10,000 added, of which \$2,000 to the second and \$1,000 to the third; three-quarters of a mile.

Scroggan Bryant's ch g Proctor Knott, by Luke Blackburn—Tallapoosa 112 lbs.

D. B. Withers' br c — by Sensation — Faverdale, 115 lbs.

J. B. Haggin's br c Fresno, by Faisetto—Cacucha, 115 lbs.

Garrison 3

Verdeur, 112 lbs., Goodale; Sorrento, 115 lbs., Stewart, Caliente, 115 lbs., I. Murphy; Diablo, 115 lbs., Taral; Eric, 115 lbs., W. Hayward; Oregon, 115 lbs., J. McLaughlin; Lady Margaret, 112 lbs., Littlefield, Tipstaff, 115 lbs., Elkie; Cyclone colt, 115 lbs., Martin; Reporter, 115 lbs., Blaylock, and Salvator, 115 lbs., Hamilton, ran unplaced. Time, 1:14. Sam Bryant's joy was unbounded. He almost cried as he picked Barnes up in his arms. "They thought I was a-braggin', did they, when I said I'd win both this race and the Futurity, did they? Thought because I was a poor man I couldn't own a good horse. I'll show 'em." Hundreds of people followed the victor into the paddock and stood about while he was being cooled out. When he was ready to return to the stable a fifty-pound pickaninny, whose smile of joy was boundless, was put up on the winner's back and rode him away amid the cheers of the crowd. The time 1:14, is remarkable when the easy manner in which the gelding won is considered. He could have run it in 1:13 1/2 had there been occasion to do so, and the impression was general that Proctor Knott won the king two-year-old of the year, and \$50,000 would not buy him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No attention will be paid to questions unless they are accompanied by the full name and address of the sender.]

J. M. L., New York city.—No.

P. C., Plattsburgh, Neb.—Yes.

R. W. C., Harrisburg, Pa.—No.

A. A. F. A., East Liverpool.—No.

E. J. B., Orleans, Neb.—P. T. Barnum.

H. O. M., Denver, Col.—Send on your photo.

J. K., Harrisburg, Pa.—Send photo and sketch.

W. D., Hartford, Conn.—We have no such records.

W. G. B., Eagle Pass, Tex.—We do not know his age.

F. F. G., Rock Rapids, La.—1. Five feet 11 inches. 2. No.

J. O. B., New York City.—It will appear in a future issue.

F. J. R., Lincoln.—You do not state the number of bulls shot at.

READER, Ophir, Col.—Jake Kilrain is twenty-nine years of age.

C. C. B., West Point, Nebraska.—See answer to W. H., New York.

SPORTING MAN, Newark, N. J.—We have not space for photo.

C. G. S., Holdege, Nev.—1 minute 53 1/2 seconds; by Frank Hewitt.

J. G. G., Nanticoke, Pa.—Every State has its own rules on the subject.

G. E. L., Parkersburg, La.—We have no time to go into such a scheme.

F. J. B., Philadelphia.—We do not know who owns the champion buldog.

H. W. F., Paw Paw.—1. No. 2. Tug Wilson is living at Leicester, England.

AMATEUR RUNNER, New York.—We are not in a position at present to do so.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y. City.—1. Yes. 2. Both men have fought in France.

R. W., Charleston, S. C.—Write to George W. Atkinson, Sporting Life, London, Eng.

A. O. W., Norwich, Conn.—Put up a forfeit and we will give publicity to your challenge.

F. B., West New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.—1. Yes. 2. We do not know Prof. Brooks' address.

J. B. B., Trampers, New Mex.—Jem Smith and John L. Sullivan never fought or boxed together.

J. F. W., Warren, R. I.—You are correct. A man is of age when he reaches his twenty-first birth day.

R. H. R. (club swinger).—Put up a forfeit and issue a challenge, if you question his claim to the title.

J. C., Newark, N. J.—The referee's decision settled the question, and it was final, whether fair or unfair.

L. C. T., Alexandria, Dak.—L. E. Myers is a professional. A letter addressed to this office will reach him.

A. B. C., New Castle, Pa.—Jem Mace did not defeat every man he ever fought. Joe Coburn is one instance.

W. H., New York.—The bet is a catch. One man cannot lose when the other cannot win. The bet is off.

J. P. Co. B, 21st Infantry, Fort Douglas, Utah Territory.—1.

Yes. 2. At Boston, and the referee declared the contest a draw.

M. J. D., Fort Colborne.—1. Walter Brown died at Newburg, N. Y. 2. Yes. 3. He defeated Joshua Ward, James Hamill and Bill Sadler.

BAILEY, West Bergen, N. J.—W. C. George ran one mile in 4 minutes 13 1/2 seconds in England Aug. 23, 1886. It was reported Lang accomplished the performance.

D. J. L., Kansas City.—Jack Havlin and Frank Murphy are to fight for \$4,000 and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, which represents the feather-weight championship of America, in September.

J. M., Utica, N. Y.—No player is compelled to show his hand except the person who is called, unless some other player claims the stakes by having a higher hand, which he must prove by showing his cards.

J. C. C., Nanticoke, Pa.—A foreigner can vote in some States immediately after declaring his intentions. The right to vote is a State gift. In Minnesota a foreigner can vote in four months after he has declared his intentions.

W. J. S., Boston.—1. Jake Kilrain is the premier pugilist of the world. He is at the head of his profession, in other words, the commander-in-chief of the pugilistic army, and he is ready to hold the fort against all invaders. 2. No.

W. M. D., Boston.—In 1887, at the English National Rifle Association's annual meeting, at Wimbledon, Walter Winans, an American, won all three of the revolver contests with a clean score in each event. This year, when one of the contests was dropped from the programme, he won the other two with a brace of clean scores.

A. J., Baltimore.—William J. M. Barry, of the Queens College Athletic Club of Cork, Ireland, holds the world's championship in throwing the 16-pound hammer. At the Manhattan Club's grounds, this city, on July 29, Barry made a record of 122 feet 6 1/2 inches, which gave him the championship. At the same grounds, on Aug. 12, Barry succeeded in putting the hammer on his fifth throw the unprecedented distance of 129 feet 3 1/2 inches.

C. A. P., Rhinelander, Wis.—A player who breaks the pot on a pair may split the pair in order to draw to a four flush or straight, but if he does so, he must lay the discard to one side, "separate from any other cards," so that after the result has been determined, he may satisfy the other players that he broke the pot with a legal hand. If this precaution is not observed, and attention called to it, the delinquent is subject to a penalty, the amount of which to be decided by the players before opening the game.

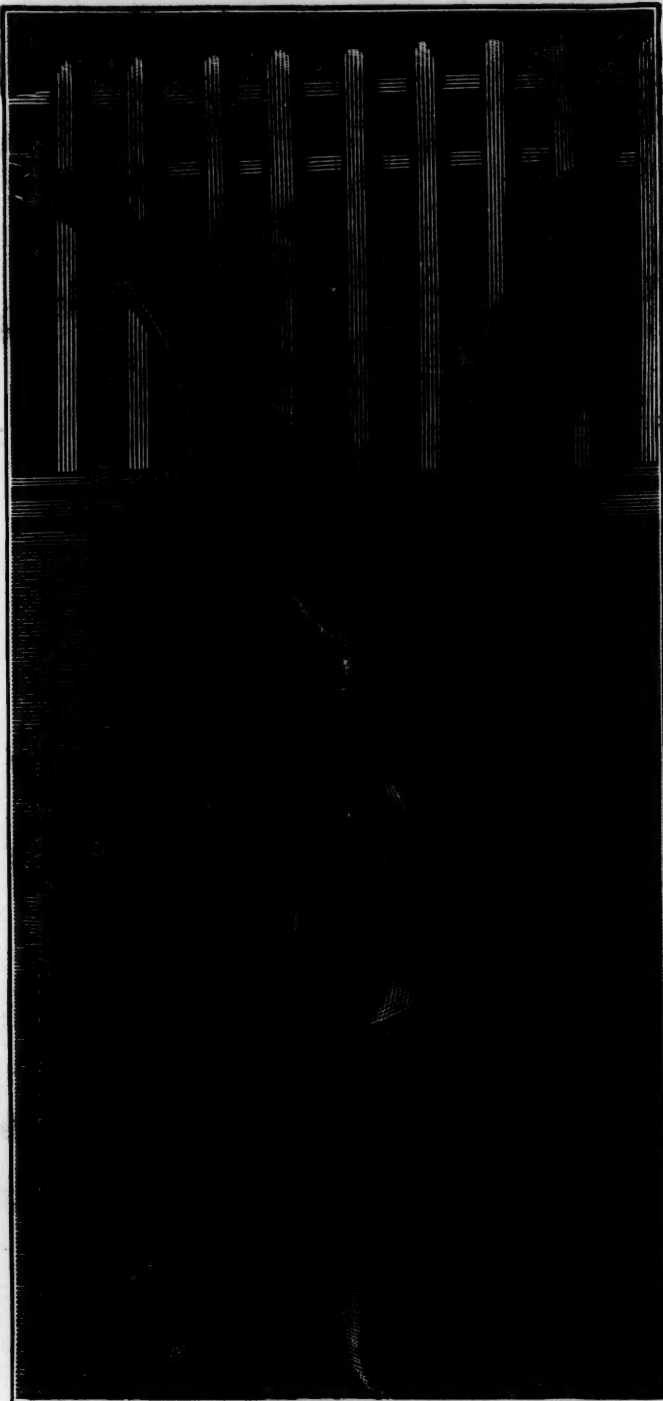
SELF-ABUSE, YOUTHFUL ERRORS.

Strange Dreams, Nervous Debility, Weak Back, Lost Manhood restored. Write for my Electric Belt and Suspensory (sent free on trial). DR. YOUNG, 145 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

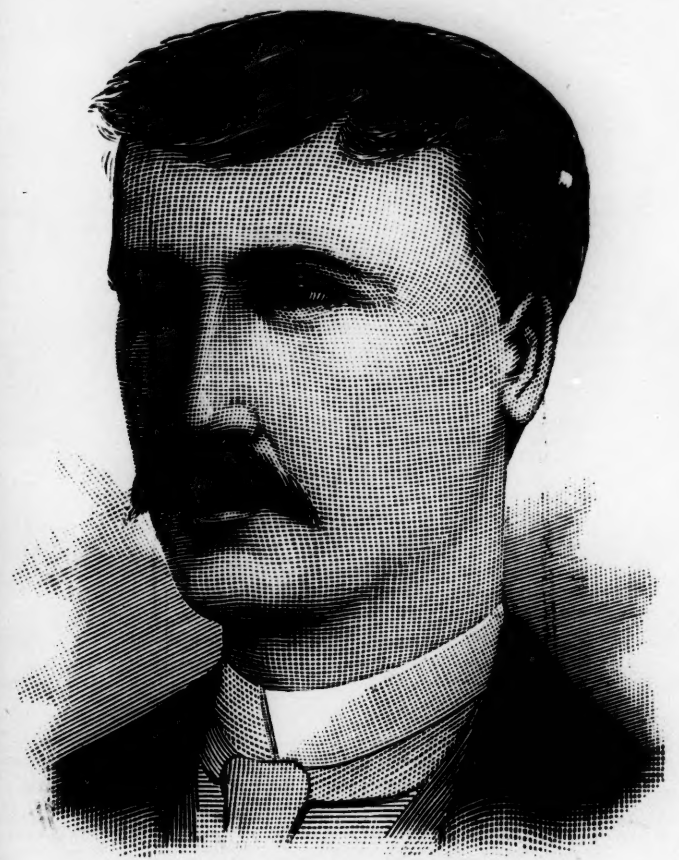




MRS. WADE THOMPSON,  
THE CHARMING PRINCIPAL IN A SENSATIONAL DIVORCE SUIT AT  
NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.



DEAD WHEN DISCOVERED.  
JAMES PURVIES, A TYPO AT QUINCEY, ILL., ACCIDENTALLY HANGS  
HIMSELF BY THE HEELS FROM A VERANDA.



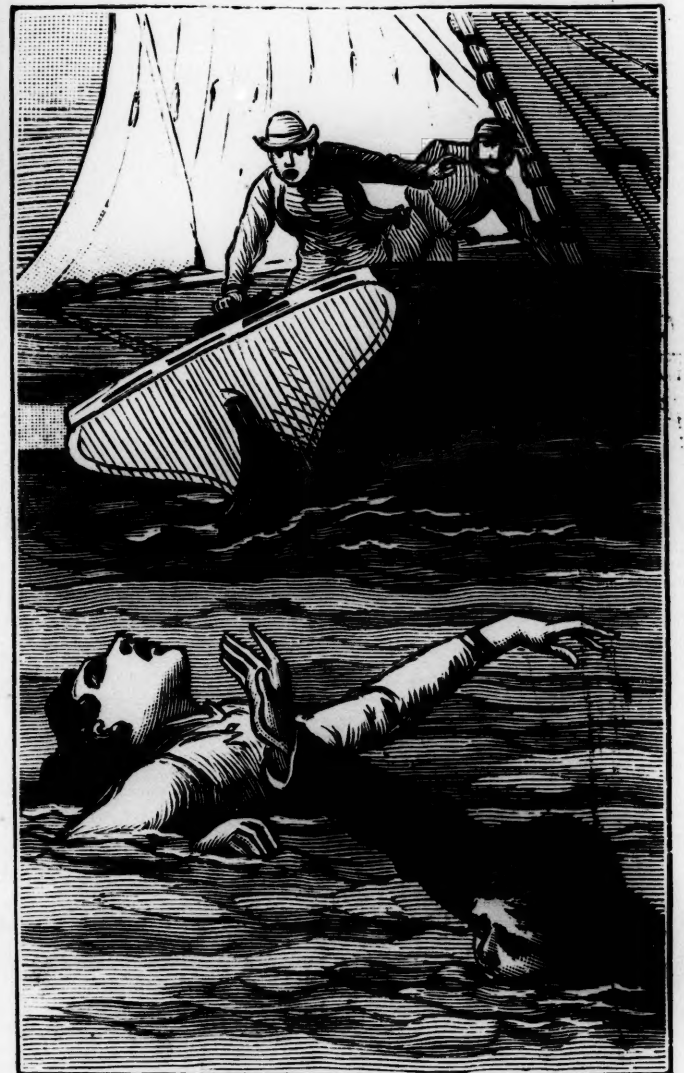
WADE THOMPSON,  
OF NEW HAVEN, CONN., WHO IS CHARGED WITH BEING TOO IN-  
TIMATE WITH MISS PAYNE.



BROADSWORD CHALLENGE TROPHY.  
SOLID SILVER BOOT DONATED BY RICHARD K. FOX FOR COM-  
PETITION AMONG THE MOUNTED SWORDSMEN.



MRS. LIZZIE MILLER,  
AN ALLEGED PROCURESS WHOM THE POLICE OF THIS CITY SAY  
IS A BAD 'UN.



BRAVERY THAT COST A LIFE.  
MISS ELSIE PYLE IS DROWNED NEAR SEA GIRT, N. J., WHILE  
TRYING TO RESCUE HER BROTHER.



THREE LIVES FOR HIS ONE.  
WHILE BESIEGED IN HIS HOUSE AT SHENANDOAH, IOWA, F. J. PINE'S MURDERER CHARGES UPON AND KILLS TWO OF HIS PURSUERS.





A BRUTE'S TERRIBLE FEROCITY.

MISS BROWN, MISS SAULSBURY AND HER BROTHER ENCOUNTER A FEROCIOUS BLOODHOUND AT WAVERLY, MD.



A TOUGH YOUNGSTER.

THOMAS RICHARDS, A MULE DRIVER, FIGURES IN A MOST REMARKABLE ACCIDENT AT THE HOLLENBECK MINE, WILKESBARRE, PA.



SHE SAT UP IN HER COFFIN.

MISS EMMA TRAXEL, OF NEW PHILADELPHIA, O., WHILE LYING IN A TRANCE, PREPARED FOR BURIAL, SUDDENLY RETURNS TO LIFE.



IT RAINED TOADS.

THE GOOD FARMERS NEAR HASTINGS, NEB., ARE STARTLED BY A MOST UNUSUAL AND UNLOOKED FOR FREAK OF NATURE.



THIS "COP" NEEDS CLUBBING.

CHIEF OF POLICE JOHN LOCKWOOD, OF NORWALK, CONN., DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF BY A STARTLING SPECIES OF BRUTALITY.



## "EXPERT" FISHER.

A Veteran Knight of the Pigskin  
Favorably Known to All  
Turfmen.



Samuel Fisher.

This well-known jockey is one of the most prominent and popular of our riders. He has been in the pigskin for a number of years back, during which time he has shown remarkable ability in that capacity. He has ridden for Bookmaker Kelly, Ex-Mayor Nolan, and a number of other stables. Of late he has been riding wherever he could secure a mount. While not as expert as McLaughlin, Garrison or Murphy, he has piloted many a thoroughbred to victory.

[We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents through the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.]

### THREE LIVES FOR HIS ONE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
Shenandoah, Ia., has been in an uproar of excitement ever since Friday night, when a drayman who had assaulted the six-year-old daughter of F. J. Pine, a prominent merchant was tarred, feathered and whipped. On the night in question, Mr. Pine was shot and instantly killed by Frank Galloway, a desperado, who was besieged in his house by citizens and militia, two of whom he killed before being finally shot down himself.

### SHE SAT UP IN HER COFFIN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
Miss Emma Traxel, an 18-year-old girl, narrowly escaped being buried alive a day or two ago near New Philadelphia, O. She died, apparently, and preparations were made for a funeral.

The evening before the day fixed for the services Miss Traxel suddenly revived and sat up in her coffin. She had been in a trance for thirty-six hours, but had been conscious of everything going on about her.

### LOCKED THEM ALL UP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
A Hebrew wedding occurred at the synagogue in Waterman block, Fall River, Mass., on Sunday, and a feast followed. The noise late at night attracted the police and they found a dance in progress. As previous warning had been given against Sunday dances, thirty-three Hebrews, including several women, were arrested. Scores of cries were raised in protest against what was termed an outrage. A few tried to escape, and half a dozen were pulled out of a narrow closet where they were closely packed away. The Bail Commissioner was absent in New York, and the whole party had to spend the night in the lock-up. The bride and groom occupied separate cells.

### THE AMERICAN PATRON OF SPORTS.

The Sunday Breakfast Table of Williamsport, Pa., reproduces from plates originally used in this paper the picture of Alex. P. Crilly, the heartless betrayer of Miss Andora Troxell, who died at Allentown, recently, from the effects of an abortion; also the picture of Miss Troxell, with the following editorial comment:  
Richard K. Fox is the leading American patron of all kinds of sports. In this sphere he is pre-eminently the "King bee." Mr. Fox is a young, able and enterprising gentleman, with whom it is a pleasure to do business or meet in a social way. His paper, the Police Gazette, is the standard authority on all matters of a sporting nature. It is finely illustrated, well printed, carefully edited and abounds with the best matter that money can buy or brains produce.

### A BRUTE'S TERRIBLE FEROCITY.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
Two young women had a terrible encounter with a bloodhound on Friday night at Waverly, Md., and Charles Saulsbury, a lad of fourteen years, was nearly torn into pieces by the savage beast. The boy's father owned the dog. Miss Amelia Saulsbury and Miss Jennie Brown were sauntering in the garden, when the dog, without the least provocation, sprang upon them. He bore them both to the ground, tore their clothes and bit them severely. Young Saulsbury ran to their assistance with a club, and before he could hit the enraged animal it turned from the girls and attacked him. The boy was badly bitten and torn in twenty-two different places on his arms and legs. A policeman finally shot the dog.

### A TOUGH YOUNGSTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
One of the most extraordinary accidents ever reported in the coal fields took place on Thursday in the Hollenbeck mine of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, at Wilkesbarre, Pa. Thomas Richards, a driver boy, was standing with his mule in a gangway, near the foot of slope, when a trip of three loaded cars that were being hoisted up the slope broke loose and came rushing down. The boy and the mule were struck and were found a few yards from where they

had been standing. The boy had been driven head first into the body of the mule, and was buried almost to his hips. It was impossible to extricate him except by cutting the mule open. The animal was dead, but the boy is still alive, though his skull is fractured.

### BRAVERY THAT COST A YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
Miss Elsie Pyle, the daughter of a Philadelphia millionaire, met with a sad end on Monday evening near Sea Girt, N. J. A party, consisting of Miss Pyle, her brother and two friends, left the Shark River dock late in the afternoon to take a sail in the yacht White Wings. The wind was blowing strong, but not enough to be considered dangerous. All went well until an attempt was made to tack the boat, and while so doing the boom struck Mr. Pyle with such force as to knock him overboard. His sister, Miss Elsie, being an expert swimmer, immediately jumped from the boat to rescue her brother, who was struggling in the water, he being unable to swim. The sailboat drifted away from the couple. Mr. Pyle was subsequently picked up, but his sister was drowned.

### OVERTAKEN BY A SQUALL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]  
A terrible accident occurred on Thursday night during a sudden thunder shower on the Delaware river, near Penn's Grove, in Salem county, N. J. A yacht was capsized and four women and one little girl were drowned. The yachting party consisted of Captain Elijah Wheaton, his son Samuel Wheaton and the wives of both, accompanied by Mrs. Thomas Finnegan and Squire Jonathan Turner and his wife and Mary Wheaton, the nine-year-old daughter of Samuel Wheaton. They sailed out into the Delaware river, which is about a mile and a half wide at this point. Suddenly a squall struck them just as they were on a last tack under reefed sails. The women were hustled into the small cabin of the sloop, as the rain came down in torrents and they were getting wet. The doors of the cabin were tightly closed to keep out the wet. As the storm progressed the yacht keeled clear over on the starboard side and the captain and his son could not right her. Suddenly a fierce gale of wind knocked her over, and a moment later she was floating on the river bottom up. The three men were flung into the water. There they struggled as best they could until they managed to scramble into the small yawl boat that was lying in the rear of the yacht. They could plainly hear the shrieks of the drowning women in the small cabin of the yacht. The women could not extricate themselves, as the cabin doors were fast closed. The three men tried their utmost to get up on the door of the cabin, but they could not, and their wives and daughter, as well as the other women, were drowned like rats in the hold and they unable to give them succor.

Squire Turner was the first to reach the yacht, and he climbed up the side. Just then the companion was burst open by Mrs. Finnegan, who met Turner with outstretched arms. The latter grabbed her, but the four other entombed women caught her by the dress and dragged her back in their efforts to get out. Dora Wheaton had succeeded in getting her arms around Mrs. Finnegan's neck, and then a wave struck Squire Turner and washed him away into the water with the struggling captain.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

OLD DR. CATON'S GOODS are reliable. See advt.

### CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 353 Broadway, N. Y.

### SPECIAL NOTICES.

## WINTER AND SUMMER.

A large number of advertisers claim that it does not pay them to advertise in the hot weather, and this idea is fostered by the results obtained from an equal amount of mediums, which are utterly useless to their patrons from May to September. But some few mediums are exempt from this drawback, and

## THE OLD, RELIABLE POLICE GAZETTE

is one of them. At least so our advertisers say, and here is a sample letter received a few days ago from one of the largest and most experienced advertising firms in the United States:

122 NASSAU ST., N. Y., Aug. 15, 1888.  
R. K. FOX, Esq.—Dear Sir: We have used the POLICE GAZETTE for several years, and always shall while we are in business. It is one of a very few of the publications that always pays summer and winter, week in, week out, trade good or bad. WORLD MFG. CO.

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For Boardmen a specialty.  
Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Notions, Novelties, Campaign Goods, Handkerchiefs and an immense variety of all kinds of fair goods. Prices Guaranteed Lower than any others. Illustrated Catalogue Free. RUFF & DRACH, 201 and 203 Nassau Street, Chicago, Ill.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in the "Agent's Directory," which goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and you will be well pleased with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering. T. D. CAMPBELL, B. 25, Boyleston, Ind.

THE INK USED ON THE "POLICE GAZETTE" IS MANUFACTURED BY J. H. BONNELL & CO., (LIMITED) NEW YORK.

Mucous discharges, eruptions of all kinds speedily removed by the N. E. Medical Institute's Nervous Debility Pills. \$1 per box, 6 for \$5. Sent postpaid.

Kansas Detective Bureau, Wichita, Kan., wants members everywhere; particulars 7c. stamps Sample, 10c. (silver). H. BAILEY, Port Norris, N. J.

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ONLY \$3.75 A BEAUTY.

Hunting Cases Shape of case exactly like the picture.

BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED.

To introduce our Solid Gold and Silver Watches we make this Great Offer For 30 Days Only. There is so much cheap trash offered these days in the line of watches by irresponsible dealers that the general public hardly know what to expect; yet a good watch at a low price is what they are looking for, and that is what we offer in the watch illustrated here. This watch is entirely new, and is a fine imported patent lever movement, 11 Jewels, Expansion balance, Quick train and fully warranted. The cases are finely engraved like those found only in the most expensive solid gold watches and are made of that perfect imitation of pure gold, aluminum gold. In appearance it is exactly like solid gold, the difference can be told only by an expert. In carrying this watch you will have the credit of owning a \$15.00 gold watch, and for use it is just as desirable. We send this beautiful watch by registered mail postpaid for only \$3.75. If you want to see the watch before buying it send us 75c. as a guarantee of good faith and we will send the watch by express C. O. D. with privilege of examination at express office, and if you do not find the watch just as represented you need not take it. Can we make you a fair offer? To every person sending the cash \$3.75 with the order we will send a beautiful gold plated chain free. Address all orders Standard Watch Co., 80 Kneeland St., BOSTON, MASS.

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Mike Conley, Pat Killen,

AND  
JOE M'AUULIFFE,

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